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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Giants in a Cloud

WE have been examining an English importation called "Great Names,"* an anthology of English and American literature from Chaucer to Francis Thompson, with introductions by various hands, drawings of the great writers by J. F. Horrabin, and the editing of the whole under the direction of Walter J. Turner, the English poet. Naturally (as the book is from the Nonesuch Press) the Meynells and the Farjeons write some of the biographical sketches, and contemporary poets like Lascelles Abercrombie, Robert Graves, and Edmund Blunden contribute others. Selections from the great writers chosen copiously succeed short essays. The book claims no overpowering authority, but there are fresh viewpoints in it and a relish for great writing. This makes it welcome, even as another of seemingly endless anthologies.

There are interesting juxtapositions. We should not have expected Arthur Machen to be writing of Sir Walter Scott, David Garnett of Mark Twain, or, for that matter, Robert Graves of Alexander Pope. Yet they acquit themselves creditably. The fantastical David displays, indeed, unusual insight into the character of the ex-pilot of the Mississippi. The comparatively mild Blunden understands his Hazlitt, that "Samson Among Critics." It is good to find that the first writer after Chaucer to be chosen is the well-nigh forgotten sixteenth-century George Gascoigne, made newly vivid to us by the anecdotes of R. K. Wood, his "The Green Knight's Farewell to Fancy" set forth beguilingly upon a broad fair page. Shakespeare is not here, "partly because the scope of the book does not permit of adequate representation," and partly to emphasize the individuality of the compilation. Our favorite Drayton and our favorite Wyatt do not appear. But there is fine, frenzied eulogy of Marlowe on the part of Robert Nichols and of Shelley by Turner himself. Rose Macaulay writes on both Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë and contrasts them interestingly. H. C. Harwood deals condensedly with Richardson Fielding and Smollett. The "Father of the English Novel" is set down as tedious, "devoid of humor and literary merit." But Richardson was a great letter-writer and revealed an ideal to the young ladies of the period when corresponding in the imagination as an imaginative young lady. He indulged, we are told, "a disordered digestion." Fielding, after a flier in topical revues that were censored, started out to parody Richardson, and found his true *metier* as a novelist. Mr. Harwood regrets that Smollett did not know old Sam Johnson better. Smollett was sour and quarrelsome and it is averred that he would have been Johnson's match in conversation. Sterne's "rare nobility of utterance delivered sometimes with the most salacious leer" is well indicated by A. E. Coppard.

To read Virginia Woolf on George Eliot and H. M. Tomlinson on Stevenson is to catch other pithy remarks, such as that the former "was one of the first English novelists to discover that men and women think as well as feel, and the discovery was of great artistic moment"; and that the latter "really thought that a writer should never give the public anything less than the best he had. He gave more thought and work to mere expression than some of his latter-day critics give to matter."

The American figures in the book are not

(*Continued on page* 529)

*Great Names. Edited by Walter J. Turner. New York: The Dial Press. 1926.

On a Naked Hill

By WITTER BYNNER

"DARE to go naked once, and never again
Will you cover your face with clothes and be afraid."
Believing him, I took off even the sun
From my shoulders and from my waist even the shade
That had made of my walking another willow-bough.
On an empty hill I stripped me of the dark
And threw it aside; so that I must go now
Unashamedly naked, undisguisedly stark.
He was right in his wisdom, in his lordly advice
To go naked, to rise alive, magnificent
Out of the shadows, to be born twice.
But I should like to have asked him, before he went,
How to recall shyness, how to cover
My terrified eyes from the lightning of a lover.

Yes, I have been appeased with nakedness:
I am seen and seeing now, beyond desire.
Needing no love, what have my lips to confess,
What have my hands to do with the human fire?
If I kindle a sacrifice, passion obscures
Not only heaven's nakedness but mine.
When was there ever a passion that endures
Save as the pouring of an ancient wine?
And wine that brightens eyes will darken them too:
Eyes are not naked that are blurred with drinking.
When I beg you to say words, to let me look at you,
To cover my heart-beat with yours, away from thinking,
Your breast and mine are only the naked, wide
And darkening breast I always lie beside.

This Week

"The New Japanese Womanhood." Reviewed by *Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto.*

"The People Next Door," and "Church and State in Mexico." Reviewed by *Carleton Beals.*

"Good-bye, Stranger." Reviewed by *Elinor Wylie.*

Ballad of a Scarlet Shawl. By *Marjorie Allen Seiffert.*

Translations from the Chinese. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

The Age of Impotence. By *Elmer Davis.*

Amy Lowell. By *Hervey Allen.*

"The Golden Day." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

John Keats

By CLARENCE D. THORPE
Author of "The Mind of John Keats"

IN the past five years more has been written and published about John Keats than in any two decades of the preceding century. There have been since the Centenary, in witness of his popularity and his fascination for the critics, seven full-sized books in all, and articles, notices, and reviews whose total number it would be rash even to estimate. But it is the character and emphasis, not the volume, of this criticism that is significant. In spirit it has largely inherited from such finely-conceived studies as Robert Bridges's essay, Professor de Selincourt's edition, and Sidney Colvin's great biography. From it has emerged a poet and man quite different from the Keats of popular conception—a Keats more human, more diversified in interests and gifts, more deeply thoughtful, in short more English. This Keats, it would appear, is destined to occupy a position by himself in English literature: in the richness and catholicity of his endowments he has been revealed as happily representative, not only of the best of his own age, but of the old, the middle, and the very modern periods of our poetry; he bids fair to take his place as, next to Shakespeare, the most nearly typical of English poets.

Keats was a genius to the core, and to know him fully would be to understand much of the mystery of all genius. He himself seems to have been quite aware of this. One of the most earnest students of the art of poetry who has lived, he sought especially to understand his own poetic nature. This nature was, even to Keats himself, of baffling complexity. Had it been otherwise he would not have been the great poet he was—though he would have been easier to explain. Keats was a lover of the sensuous, sensitive to natural beauty to a degree rare even in poets, and he was a luxury-loving dreamer seeking relief from harsh realities by escape to a world of pure imagination; but, in sharp contrast to these, he was also a thoughtful, philosophic observer of life, who, something of a revolutionary in social and political matters, was yet more vitally concerned with the simple facts of humanity. From which of his obviously contradictory selves was Keats to draw his poetic strength? Could there be adjustment and reconciliation, or were these impulses so mutually antagonistic that life to one meant death to the other? These were questions with which Keats himself wrestled mightily in periods of "burning of thought" on poetry, and upon which we know he came to notable conclusions; they are the questions, too, with which Mr. Garrod* explicitly opens his main discussion of Keats.

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Mr. Garrod's answer is definitive and emphatic. In full recognition of the importance the young poet attached to things intellectual and earthy, Mr. Garrod yet finds that for Keats there is one world alone in which "his genius works effectively," and that is the "world of pure imaginative forms." That Keats was not content with this world, but with uneasy conscience was "forever plotting escape" to the world of actuality, which he conceived to be the more proper region for great poetry, Mr. Garrod frankly deplores. Keats was wrong. "For thinking on the earth, Keats had in fact small aptitude," and the weaknesses in his poetry arise directly from his refusal to recognize this limitation and remain in his own right sphere of pure "sensations." (Mr.

*Keats. By H. W. Garrod. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926.

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Garrod, curiously enough, makes no distinction between the life in the "five senses" which he considers requisite to Keats's creative power, and the world of "imaginative forms"). Keats constantly—though mistakenly—aspired toward "harder and sharper effects, toward the realities of thinking and suffering;" but it is only when he takes a "holiday from thinking," insists Mr. Garrod, that he achieves his best and truest poetry.

Writing with all the fine, full sweep of a practiced scholarship upon one hand, with the attentive eye of the trained classicist on the other, with everywhere the grateful flavor of creative artistry upon his work, Mr. Garrod yet presents to us a Keats whom we find it difficult to accept. This is a Keats who, belonging neither to the old tradition, which refused to admit that he ever let his romantic eyes stray earthward, nor to the new interpretation which insists upon a poet of thought and human sympathy, is, nevertheless, inferior to both: a poet who did not understand himself, whose artistic nature was unalterably divided, and who could write greatly only when one-half of him had been put into a strait-jacket and safely stowed away.

* * *

Great poetry divorced from life, such as Mr. Garrod implicitly demands of Keats, there may be, but fortunately Keats himself did not believe it. His ideal was to write poetry of truth, a poetry of "character and sentiment, pierced through with the agonies and strife of human hearts," and he spent his lifetime in an earnestly passionate endeavor to subdue his unusual powers to the high uses for which he instinctively knew them to be destined.

Mr. Garrod's failure to sympathize with Keats in his aspirations must, one believes, be in part traced to the fact that in following the poet's thought he stops short of his final conclusions. Keats's "last word to us upon the office of the poet," he says, is to be found in the "Hyperion: A Vision," where "we are told plainly no one can usurp the height of poetry who does not draw his strength from social suffering." This is true, but not the whole truth, for Keats emphasizes still a further condition: which is, that no sum of knowledge is of use without the accompanying power of imaginative vision. In the revised "Hyperion" the poet is still a dreamer, but a dreamer with knowledge.

Keats had found his own apparently contradictory impulses not mutually hostile, then, but complementary; his poetic strength lay in a harmony and unity within himself and, likewise, though this is better revealed elsewhere, harmony between himself and the universe in which he was living; neither to dream, nor to think and know is enough: the true poet must be a thinking, knowing dreamer. He must write from the whole self. And, happily,—or, inevitably, for it is difficult to see how genuine art could spring from a rent nature—Keats's best poetry does come from him whole. This precisely is the great truth that J. Middleton Murry so clearly and firmly established in his late work on Keats. It is the quality that unites Keats in indissoluble bonds of affinity with the genius of Shakespeare—with, shall we say, the eternal spirit of all high art? Great art must be whole; and Keats's art is no exception. The great Odes, for example, belong to a time when the poet had practically achieved triumphant reconciliation of his diverse impulses; they were born of a united self.

* * *

Mr. Garrod's treatment of the Odes is the best part of his book, and he has here made more than one invaluable contribution to Keats criticism. His analysis of the structure of the stanza of the Odes as an evolution from the sonnet form—the author has, incidentally, made a detailed study of the sonnets, which appears as a "Note" at the end of the book—is a happy illustration of Mr. Garrod's critical genius at its best; and the pursuit of the main ideas in the "Ode to a Nightingale" back to a reconstructed conversation between Keats and Coleridge is a thoroughly fascinating bit of intuitive reasoning. But his main assumption about the Odes, that they were written after "a holiday from thinking," in a period when "alone Keats's genius flourished in the fulness of sensuous experience," the facts do not seem to support. Of the period immediately preceding, and running into, the creation of the Odes we know a great deal; except for "To Autumn," the Odes were probably written between the middle of April and the last of May, 1819. Keats's journal letter to George and Georgiana Keats is, during March and April, a particularly rich one. It shows that for the young poet this was a time of intense and fruitful thought. It was the period of the now famous passage on the Vale of Soul Making, which has attracted the enthusiastic attention of a philosopher like Bosanquet and which Mr. Murry has recently so admirably analyzed as marking the peak of Keats's search for spiritual unities; it was a time in which Keats could quote with entire relish Milton's lines beginning,

> How charming is divine philosophy

—the exclamation against philosophy in "Lamia" came several months later; and it precedes by just a little the poet's remark that "the world has taken on a quakerish look with me, which I once thought was impossible,—

> Nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendor in the grass and glory in the flower

I once thought this a Melancholist's dream—." These are plainly the utterances of a man existing in the spirit of thought, not in a life of the purely sensuous.

* * *

The great Odes are as it were, a culmination of this thinking and its "quakerish" mood. They are profoundly meditative; there is in them little trace of the fine careless rapture of unthinking joy in the senses. Joy in the senses there is, indeed, but it is a joy much chastened by a solemn mental integrity which finds it impossible to reflect upon a beautiful natural world without at the same time being mindful of the people who live in it,—a joy "whose hand is ever at his lips bidding adieu." "Does any one think that any study of truth, any flight from the senses to the mind, was ever likely to carry Keats to perfections purer or higher than those of the "Ode to a Nightingale?" asks Mr. Garrod. And we can only answer an emphatic no; for the "Ode to a Nightingale" represents in itself, in our sober judgment, almost the perfection of a study of truth; and, inasmuch as in its conception Keats's imagination ranged both through the broad spaces of a world of sensuous beauty and into the depths of human misery, it represents, too, the extreme of flight from the senses to the mind—and back again. This Ode is in its simplicity a record of a luminous æsthetic experience; it shows what went on in the mind of the poet, about two worlds of equally compelling reality to him; in contemplation of a bird and his song. It is, specifically, as Sidney Colvin has shown, a poem of contrasts. It deals with a world of intoxicating sensuous beauty where in vivid ecstacy the nightingale lives his free and joyous life; but it also deals—and to this it owes its sharply piquant power—with the melancholy world of humanity,

> Where men sit and hear each other groan;
> Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs
> Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
> Where but to think is to be full of sorrow.

Such poetry could never spring unadulterated from the "five senses:" the breath of mortality is too heavy upon it; it is too much "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

* * *

Any mention of Mr. Garrod's book would be incomplete without notice of his attitude toward Miss Amy Lowell's biography. In general, it may be said, he is rather hard on her. He is not only disappointed in her book, he is irritated, and so irritated that he is never through; he pursues her with relentless rigor—*ad internecionem*. Now in part Mr. Garrod's strictures are just enough, but for certain of his remarks some of us who have long been his friends, and have hitherto admired his perfect urbanity and even temper, cannot but have regrets. It seems particularly unfortunate, for instance, that without full and exhaustive inquiry, doubts should be thrown upon the authenticity of Miss Lowell's new material. If this material is not genuine, if Miss Lowell was, as Mr. Garrod suggests, imposed upon, either Mr. Garrod, or Sir Edmund Gosse, whose opinion he quotes, would earn the gratitude of American and, indeed, all scholarship, by establishing the truth. But mere hints are insufficient; there should be proofs. As for the rest, the faults Mr. Garrod finds in Miss Lowell's book should or should not be minimized, depending upon the reader's point of view in judging the work. It would seem well to remember that Miss Lowell was primarily a poet rather than a scholar. And as a poet she permits her imagination to carry her sometimes beyond the bounds of scholarly caution; as a poet of the "new school," moreover, she is cursed with a species of polemical zeal to make Keats appear as "one of us,"—hence, he is never a mystic; he is never allegorical, though he is sometimes symbolical; he shows affinity with Japanese art, etc.,—and it is perhaps as a poet of the new school, too, that she allows herself the rather wide freedom with our language that critics have rightly deplored. But even so, Miss Lowell's book in its entirety still seems admirable; it rises, through sheer power of a prevailingly sympathetic insight above the faults that load it down, and at the end, the spirit of a real Keats does shine forth. After all, perhaps, in spite of the perils, poets should be occasionally allowed to write biographies of each other. The net result might in general be quite as satisfactory to the dead poet, could he know, as many a scholar's careful tome.

Women of Japan

THE NEW JAPANESE WOMANHOOD. By ALLEN K. FAUST. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $1.50.

Reviewed by ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

Author of "A Daughter of the Samurai"

IN this new book on Japanese women, I, as, a Japanese woman, am deeply interested; and I confess that I gazed upon the unopened volume with a feeling of affectionate dread—much as an elder sister might watch the dear young debuntante being ushered into a world of critical people who, knowing nothing of the powerful influence of her inheritance and environment, would measure her by their own standards.

I am always grateful when the reading public has an opportunity to see Japanese women, not as represented on embroidered screens and painted fans, but as they are; for rarely are they familiar to me when I see them in print. How would my little sister be presented? Kindly, I was sure, yet—

Then I opened the book.

After being introduced in a straightforward and excellent preface by Dr. Lampe, the author tells his story of Japan's women. It is a tale of continual development:—the dignified type of old whose highest ideal was to be a success behind the hedge of home; the thinking schoolgirl peeping curiously over the hedge; the semi-modern maiden stepping through the gateway; the woman of today with wide interests and aspirations. He shows that the difference in education and opportunity of the various classes has necessarily caused them to march along different paths—but all advancing.

As one reads, it is easy to believe the statement made early in the book that "in the last twenty-five years as much change in the condition of Japan's women was made as it took Europe five hundred years to bring about." These words were written by the author after an intelligent and *almost* unbiased weighing of facts gathered during a quarter of a century of careful observation and study. Dr. Faust must be an unusual man, for naturally his views were somewhat narrowed by the barrier of a complicated language and the walls of a Christian school; yet he has looked beyond the barriers with a mind wonderfully comprehensive and full of sympathetic understanding.

In a few places, I think he is too mathematical in measuring the heartaches of Japanese womanhood, but even there he is never more than politely aggressive. Perhaps it is owing to this accuracy that the book has what can be said of few books written in English about Japan—a worthy background of knowledge, combined with the author's own understanding that there are things regarding his subject which he does not, cannot, comprehend. He handles these unknown things with rare tact, not making the too frequent mistake of attempting to disprove the fact that customs and standards which clash with western ideas may yet possess a puzzling value of their own.

The "why" of Japanese traditions, of which, as a rule, western people know nothing, is the only thing that can explain many of the simple but perplexing differences between the West and the East. Dr. Faust has familiarized himself with many of these, and it warms the heart to see that he understands, for instance, that when a courteous Japanese gentleman treats his wife indifferently in public, it does not indicate anything but ordinary good breeding according to a standard not known to Americans. It is age-old teaching that *hidden* heart-tenderness is justifiable, but a feeling so overpowering that it has to be openly displayed, is dangerously

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near being a challenge to the spirit of loyalty. To allow any woman to come between a man and his overlord would be the height of treason, for such weakness, widespread, would mean death to a feudal nation. From this teaching grew a universal habit of reticence which signified manly self-control. Every cultured woman took equal pride in her husband's neglect and in her own gentle acceptance of it; no more feeling humiliation than does an American man who carries his wife's wrap, or stands aside to allow her to enter the car before him.

Japan is full of customs with forgotten symbols; but they are dying. The younger generation, having seen beyond the gates, has exchanged ceremoniousness for an informality that would have been once considered abrupt and rude. But now there is a widespread, but quiet not-to-be-turned-back movement against former things. The reason why most women of the past were content behind the hedge, is because their gardens were blossoming so thickly with flowers of courtesy that the thorns of oppression were hidden.

The book is unusually free from phrases that bring the Japanese reader suddenly face to face with the realization that the author is a foreigner. Except in a very few places, he shows a Japanese consideration for unreasoning sentiment even while dealing with practical matters. But he picked up his foreign pen before he wrote the following: "The ancestors that are worshiped are never women, always men."

To the masses of Japanese it is a sacred fact that the great god of all Japan, worshiped in past and present time, by all classes, from the Emperor to the humblest coolie, is a woman—the Sun Goddess. Whether she was a direct messenger from heaven, or a deified ancient queen who gathered wandering tribes under one ruler and thus began a nation, does not matter. She has been an influence for good in the past and is still a Goddess of Power—and a woman.

Another touch of the foreign pen is seen when the author speaks of the Ceremony of Tea. He seemingly forgets the simplicity and sacredness of its origin, for he says that this accomplishment was pleasing to men." Every Japanese woman feels a heart resentment against words, however innocently spoken, which intimate that the daughters of good repute in her land are being trained to be "man pleasers." That never was, even in the past. It touches too closely upon one of the two great curses of Japan: the family system—once good, but now outgrown—and its natural child, the geisha.

Dr. Faust says very little about the geisha, but he writes with a full understanding of the irresponsibility of these little buterfly maids, carefully and wrongly trained from childhood. It is a daring thing for a foreigner to attempt to speak authoritatively on this subject. As a rule he knows nothing but what he sees, and he had best believe nothing that he hears. But Dr. Faust's remarks are tactful and true.

In a book of such wide reach, the author was obliged to generalize. It would be confusing to explain the numerous exceptions which tie up every Japanese rule. And yet it is these exceptions that make Japanese women what they are—the charming but un-understandable daughters of a strange past. In a way of his own, Dr. Faust explains this, and skilfully shows that Japanese women, though bound by tradition have usually been free mistresses of their own duties. Their brains have never been stunted because they have been trusted with responsibility. It was their choice, their pride, and their happiness to be what they were, therefore now that they are looking beyond the hedge of home, they do not gaze with the timid, fearful eyes of the consciously oppressed, but with wide-open eyes of intelligent interest and growing ambition.

But they must go slowly. Dr. Faust thinks that "the surest way to bring about a national calamity would be to give instantaneously full equality to men and women in all relationships of life;" but nevertheless, he speaks of the "new woman" with an intelligent understanding of her ideals and her handicaps.

She is steadily advancing, he says, but with no excitement of militant suffragettes, no "hatchet" affairs, no smashing of showcases. Her one aim seems to be to learn to use as a weapon—education; and to reach her goal quietly, calmly, as is the Japanese woman's way, by reformation—not revolution.

I recommend the book, with all my heart, as interesting, valuable and instructive.

The Mexican Maze

THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR: An Interpretive History of Mexico and the Mexicans. By GEORGE CREEL. New York: The John Day Company. 1926.

CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO: 1822-57. By WILFRID HARDY CALCOTT. Durham: Duke University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

"PREJUDICES, SERIES X." In this volume by Mr. Creel they are so bare they call for no Menckenese. This is not a history, nor an interpretation of the Mexican people, nor is it even next door to either. Sentimental Wilsonian balderdash and Victorian platitudinizing by one who at bottom does not sympathize with the Mexican people, does not understand their struggles, and shows no capacity for clarifying the great forces shaping their destiny: Mr. Creel is a crusader, a wielder of Macaulayan rhetoric, not an historian. His lance is set; his spurs are at Rosinante's lean flanks; the merchants must be convinced of his lady's superlative charms. His Dulcinea is now Aztec culture, now Hidalgo of the Independence, now Sam Houston of Texas, now President Wilson. He forgets the Mexicans and their bitter struggles in long panegyrics of the revolting Texans, whom he elevates into angels beating their wings in vain in the void of popular memory. Here, as elsewhere, he ignores historical values, does not appreciate that events have remote as well as proximate causes. Mr. Creel tosses the slavery question aside as having little bearing upon

Lithographed Title-Page
From "Catalogue of the Indian Collection in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, by Amanda B. Coomaraswamy (Harvard University Press)

the Texas question and the subsequent war. The Texas war, indeed, rather than the Mexican people, is the high peak of his book; and the whole story is treated in a propaganda spirit that frequently descends to casuistry. Texas seceded and the war ensued because of the wicked Santa Anna and the malicious Mexicans. Yet Mr. Creel might well bear in mind that the first Mexican representative in Washington as early as 1822 warned his government with alarm that the United States was planning to seize Texas.

Mr. Creel, who has been an active propagandist, has carried this over into his writing to the detriment of impartiality. The immediate conflicts, the critical turns of chance, the desperate rallies of his heroes, the minute moves in the overthrow of his villains—these are the things that interest him. Thus he fails to follow the broad currents of historical change and growth. His hates are as vigorous as his loves: Santa Anna, the "Master Rascal," the "Master Gambler;" Alamán, with his "great idea" of antagonizing the United States, the man of the "black brains;" Taylor, the muddlehead; Díaz, the bloody. He annihilates Bancroft (largely because of the latter's Texan attitude), yet though every student of Latin American literature has known Bancroft's inaccuracies for decades, Bancroft did cut virgin soil; his conclusions are, on the whole, noble and sound, and his work still remains the most monumental and classic history in English of the Mexican people. Indeed it is to be suspected that Creel has gleaned much of his superficial though brilliantly written account of politics and military mishaps from Bancroft.

Creel's space emphasis is ridiculous. His treatment of the Colonial period is reduced to five pages, though Spanish rule endured three centuries; and it is precisely during those centuries that the mold was shaped; precisely from the development of racial and class fissions, the rise of Church, State, Army, and Land-holding class, and their relation to the earlier Indian culture, that an understanding of the hectic early independence period is possible. Mr. Creel gives, vividly it is true, merely the stale material of the superficial political ins and outs, prolonged details of military manœuvers. The great struggle between Church and State which, more than any other single malady, lay at the root of the earlier conflicts, is never really diagnosed. Creel prefers froth to content. Thus the great peak of the pre-reform period is the 1833 Church reformation code of Gómez Farías; Creel dismisses this with two subordinate phrases. He denounces the mountebank Santa Anna, yet devotes dozens of pages to this flashy beast and scarcely mentions Gómez Farías, whose great influence flows surely into the broad bay of the 1857 Constitution. Instead Creel spurs off to the Texan war with as much mad-hatter irresponsibility as Santa Anna himself. This war and the American invasion, both on the outer fringe of the organic development of the Mexican nation, consume 125 pages. The Juárez Reformation, and the Constitution of 1857, perhaps the greatest moment in all Mexican history since the Conquest, are squeezed into a miserly thirteen-page chapter, to which no adequate background is given. Such is his treatment of the great Mexican document which was to be the fundamental law of the land for sixty years, and which has been largely perpetuated in the more recent 1917 Constitution.

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The analysis of the Díaz Régime, if rather one-sided, and conventional, and following Bell, is nevertheless more convincing. The last hundred pages notably improve, though Creel's attacks on Carranza and his pro-Wilson adulation is as smug as the latter's own conviction of self-rectitude. Few presidents of the United States in the history of our relations with Mexico talked more exaltedly yet encroached more dangerously upon Mexican sovereignty than did Wilson. Wilson's "nobler Pan-Americanism," built upon "the granite of honor, faith, and friendship," too often served to pull his own chestnuts out of the fire. This nobler Pan-Americanism masked the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, the overthrow of the Central American Court of Justice, the invasion of Haiti, the rapid extension of an iniquitous treaty-loan system, the seizure of Vera Cruz, the Punitive Expedition. By the end of Wilson's term, our relations with Mexico had reached the lowest ebb in the history of American diplomacy—a petty bickering over petroleum taxes and unsavory concessions. The best part of Creel's book is the treatment of the later period of the Madero-Obregón revolution, and his sympathy with the 1917 Constitution which "did not contain a single improper purpose." This, if inaccurate, is human and generous. Indeed the brilliancy of phrase, the vividness of the pictures, Creel's sharp eye for the dramatic, his handling of pathos, his whirling military episodes, retrieve the book from utter mediocrity. Whatever it may lack in perspective and verity, it is fascinating reading.

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Nevertheless, it is a relief to turn from Mr. Creel's Baroque treatment, to the plain façade of Dr. Calcott's Franciscan edifice. Calcott is interested in social forces and knows how to graph them; he is interested in the development of Mexican ideology and institutions and the resultant epistemologic problems. He lays his foundation deliberately, surely, in the Colonial period—all the interplay of Spaniard, Creole, mestizo, and Indian; the Church divided on races and caste lines; the Army; the Land-holding group; the Colonial bureaucracy—and builds up the edifice of the Mexican State brick by brick, capping it with the magnificent dome of the Juárez Reformation and the Constitution of 1857. Calcott, succinctly, plainly, without verbiage, gives an authoritative, accurate history of the so-

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called Liberal movement, and the beginnings of race and class emancipation; and when he has finished, all the petty political squabbles, the numerous *cuartelazos*, the terrible personal jealousies and greed and violence, which so intrigue Creel, here sink into their true proportions, quite overshadowed by the portentousness of the forces that move through all the shambles of disaster with the Nemesic certainty of some vast magnet through paltry human filings, creating immutable fields of attraction and repulsion. Creel goes at Mexico in the same way that Botticelli advised Leonardo to paint "landskips," by hurling a palette of paints. Calcott is merely a draughtsman; but geometry is better than bad æsthetics. Creel's is a book to read, enjoy, and cast aside; it flies along like fiction; but Calcott's you will keep on your library shelf.

The Meat and the Poison

"GOODBYE, STRANGER." By STELLA BENSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Reviewed by ELINOR WYLIE
Author of "The Orphan Angel"

IN herself, this little woodland creature is almost invariably charming, and if at times we find her irritating, that must be the fault of our shocking industrial—and industrious—civilization, which deserves to be called a system in the Minacan rather than the solar sense. For how can the poor darling hope to exist among these jungles of dynamos and dens of rotarians, save as a pair of glancing sea-green eyes and another pair of clean and silvery heels?

She is scornful because she is frightened, she is a vixen because she believes she is being hunted by a ravening pack of lies and platitudes. If she sniffs contemptuously at a lump of sugar proffered by a large and friendly hand, you may depend upon it that she is apprehensive of the gift; the hand is the hand of George F. Babbitt or Mr. Tinker, but the flavor of the sugar is ambiguous to her tongue; she is afraid of being poisoned.

Poisoned, but not by cruelty; by kindness perhaps, and by what to her is inherent in all kindness; profound stupidity. "Kindness is a symptom of vulgarity," says Miss Stella Benson in her latest novel; its very title, "Goodbye, Stranger," is a laugh or a delicate snort from the woodland creature of which I speak. This being is fragile but superior; she is no striding tower of Billingsgate like Mrs. Trollope, no Levantine Delilah snipping at the rough locks of America with a sharp new knowledge of English. She is an elfin visitant, an uncaptured alien; she is triumphant in her refusal to be tamed. And in my opinion she is ever so slightly a fool.

* * *

It is not necessary to define the type by any particular person, either real or imaginary, but the heroines of Miss Benson's books, which company of course includes the Lena of "Goodbye, Stranger," are excellent examples of the species; their green or hazel eyes are bright in every thicket, the woods are full of their startled disdain. I am convinced that all these critical prodigies are happy after a fashion, in spite of the infernal pack of lies and kindness; it is delightful to be supercilious if you have a true talent for it. But it is never delightful to be afraid, and surely it is silly to be afraid of vulgarity.

It is all very well to avoid it if you can; to flee cheerfully to the mountain-tops, or to plunge into the sea-caves of contemplation as a means of escape. But to sniff nervously and indignantly at the thing you fear, to return again and again, like an inquisitive puppy, in a mood of morbid curiosity, to the object of your horror; this seems to me unnecessary and perhaps a trifle perverse. No little woodland creature, be she never so sensitive to vulgarity, need come to America in order to discover that homely commodity; still less need she meet Americans in the interior of China. Electric waves of vulgarity sweep along the boulevards of Paris and beat against the crumbling walls of the faubourgs; it lies in dark miasmic pools among the suburbs of London. Its flood might muddy a clean pair of heels in any country of Europe, and if one should wish to play the timid fawn, one might shy away from a sugar-lump in Chelsea or a poisoned comfit in Bloomsbury with the best of them.

Now these supernatural creatures—and I suppose after all they are poets—are born and not made, and it's no earthly use blaming them or being annoyed by them, as Miss Benson has been annoyed by the Americans. If you are a princess you will be bruised by the dried pea despite the seven silken mattresses; if you are a faun or a dryad you will be enraged by movies and victrolas and vulgarity. Mr. Huxley is rather a gigantic sprite, but the morticians of San Francisco were too much for him. He is a very big brother of Miss Benson's elfin heroes and heroines, as I daresay Mrs. Trollope is their ogress great-grandmother. The tragedy is temperamental rather than geographical; the goblin Whistler was maddened by many a crumpled green carnation leaf in the London of the nineties, and I am sure Hawthorne must sometimes have longed to cut his throat in Liverpool as fervently as De la Mare may one day desire to drink strychnine in Chicago.

It is really a question of the meat and the poison; how many people have flourished for generations upon the very same fare which kept Daley sleek and rosy while starving Lena into pallid disgust! It is so much of Victorian literature, from the apple-turnovers of "Little Women" to the deliciously realistic meals which sustain the Callahans and the Murphys! But also it is David Copperfield's batter-pudding and Lucy's leg of mutton; I even suspect that the crackling upon the roast pig of Charles Lamb is sprinkled with its agreeable sugar. I suppose if you wanted to call it sentimentality you might do so and still preserve a coloring of truth. Miss Benson calls it kindness and believes that it is a dreadful growth indigenous to America; if you wish to know all the other hard names she calls it you must read "Goodbye, Stranger."

It will be richly worth your while to read it; it is witty and bitter and searching, if not precisely finding; it was written by a person of taste and spirit and the subtler spirit which is the soul. If I found it a little hysterical, perhaps that is because its most striking opinions are voiced by a paralytic lady with whom I profoundly differ, but who is nevertheless a tragic and amusing person. The damp-haired pagan who plays the part of hero is less pleasing; he is not half so convincing a divine innocent as Mr. Morley's Martin, for example, and I was sorry when he discarded his clothes. Lena is another of Miss Benson's delicate and fiery ladies; they are like little blossoming trees which have all been struck by lightning and twisted into a fantastic anger. I should have thought her delightful if I hadn't liked Daley so much better; as this is the last thing Miss Benson intended me to do it is perhaps a technical weakness in the book that it is possible, but it is far more likely to be a technical weakness in my own mind, which remains unpersuaded that kindness is a symptom of vulgarity.

Audubon the Travel Writer

DELINEATIONS OF AMERICAN SCENERY AND CHARACTER. By JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. New York: G. A. Baker & Company. $4.50. 1926.

THIS is a compilation of the fifty-nine narrative and descriptive papers which Audubon scattered through the first three volumes of his "Ornithological Biography." Audubon was not primarily a literary man, and not a distinguished writer; yet as John Burroughs has testified, he frequently displayed a wonderful vividness and fidelity in his offhand sketches of men, wild life, and natural scenery. He took the keenest delight in all outdoor pursuits—in hunting, fishing, exploring, and more aimless rambling; and the exhilaration of the open air breathes from his pages. His wanderings made him acquainted with all parts of Eastern North America, from the bleak Labrador coast to the Florida keys; it threw him into contact with every variety of frontier worker and adventurer; it exposed him to storm, flood, hostile savages, and wild beasts. Professor Merrick, who several years ago gave us the history of Audubon's romantic life at full length, on the basis of new documents discovered in France, has made a substantial supplementary volume of those semi-autobiographical essays.

About half of the collection is not new to the general reading public, though one might infer the opposite from the publishers' statement that the sketches "are now for the first time brought together" from the rare "Ornithological Biography," complete sets of which sell for as much as $5,000. Those who consult Robert Buchanan's so-called "Life of Audubon," which is included in the Everyman Library, will find a good many of these papers included in its pages. In fact, Buchanan's biography was mainly a work of scissors and paste, and he levied upon Audubon's Diary and the sketches in the "Ornithological Biography" for his chief materials. For an expenditure of eighty cents, anyone can obtain the papers on the cougar hunters, the turtlers of Florida, the cod-fishers of Labrador, the life of the squatters along the Mississippi, and so on, together with a variety of miscellaneous writing which Buchanan hastily scrambled together. There are numerous other papers which he cannot obtain, and which are so interesting that it is well to have them made accessible.

These essays show how thoroughly romantic was Audubon's temperament, and how suffused with imagination was his view of life. The pictorial had an irresistible appeal to him. He brings vividly before us a moose-hunt in Maine, with the animal bounding over drifts ten feet high; the eggers of Labrador fighting a pitched battle with the fishermen; dolphin-fishing in the Gulf of Mexico, the dolphin's tail pounding the hard deck "like the rapid roll of a drum;" the wild scene as the ice on the upper Mississippi breaks up. He gives an idyllic touch to everything. Describing a Fourth of July barbecue near Louisville, he converts the backwoods farm boys and girls into nymphs and disguised divinities. The ague-shaken squatters in the Louisiana bottoms are pictured as living the most delightful and prosperous of sylvan existences. Over the hospitality of a newly married couple ensconced in a little cabin on the Illinois prairies he grows quite dithyrambic. There is no connection between the papers, and the variety of subject matter is surprising. From an account of Daniel Boone's method of stunning squirrels in Kentucky we pass to a Newfoundland ball, and thence to a study of the wreckers of Florida; from a description of the beauties of the Ohio to some such savage picture as that of an Indiana wolf-pit:

> When we reached the first pit, we found the bait all gone, and the platform much injured; but the animal that had been entrapped had scraped a subterranean passage for himself and so escaped. On peeping into the nest, he assured me that "three famous fellows were safe enough" in it. I also peeped in, and saw the wolves, two black and the other brindled, all of goodly size, sure enough. They lay flat on the earth, their ears laid close over the head, their eyes indicating fear more than anger. "But how are we going to get them out?" "How, sir," said the farmer, "why by going down to be sure, and hamstringing them." . . . Whereupon he glided down, taking with him his axe and knife, and leaving his rifle to my care. I was not a little surprised to see the cowardice of the wolves. He pulled out successively their hind legs and with a side stroke of his knife cut the principal tendon above the joint, exhibiting as little fear as if he had been marking lambs.

The enthusiasm, the magnanimity, the buoyancy, the love of adventure which marked Audubon throughout his career give this volume constant charm; it will please even those readers who care nothing for its sidelights on American social history. Professor Merrick furnishes an excellent brief biographical introduction.

Samuel Gordon, the well-known Jewish writer, died recently in London. Both novelist and playwright, he was born in Germany in 1871 and went to England in 1883, being educated at Cambridge University. He was appointed secretary of the Great Synagogue in London in 1894. His books were devoted to delineation of Jewish life and character, among them being "Sons of the Covenant," "Strangers at the Gate," and a play, "The Way Back."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Ballad of a Scarlet Shawl

By Marjorie Allen Seiffert

HERE is a basket for your arm,
And a scarlet shawl to keep you warm . . .
Here is the pathway for your feet,
The rest lies with the fate you meet.

When she had gone but a mile or two
She stopped and looked her basket through,
And it held honey, but no bread,
A golden knife and nothing to spread.

A traveler came by who cried:
"Make room, my pretty, for me at your side!
I'll share my food with you, these small
Bright apples, redder than your shawl."

She sank in an apple her sharp white teeth . . .
Bitter, bitter the pulp beneath!
His dark eyes watching, she forbore
Complaint, but ate it, skin and core.

"How will you pay me now, my love?"
He asked. What was he thinking of!
Must she pay bitter food with sweet?
She said: "I've nothing for you to eat!"

"You'll taste my apple all your life,"
He cried, "so take your golden knife,
Make on my breast a tiny scar
Lest I forget how sweet you are!"

She drove it deep and fled. His smile
Mocked her, followed her, mile after mile,
Till frightened and faint, she saw ahead
A dusty traveler carrying bread.

They sat down under a blackthorn tree.
He broke the bread in pieces. She
Wiped her knife on a fallen crust. . . .
The white bread showed a stain like rust.

She spread her honey for them both.
From the green grass, their tablecloth,
He took that crust. She sat apart
And watched him eat it with sinking heart.

He turned from the food with a shuddering sigh,
His lips grew pale, and she guessed why.
She fled and left behind her all
But her golden knife and scarlet shawl.

Away from the road and into the wood
She fared. Wild berries were her food.
The mournful cry of a hidden bird
And the rustle of leaves were all she heard.

She came to a man who sat alone
With a tarnished cup and a jug of stone.
"For pity give me drink," said she,
"For my heart lies cold and dead in me!"

He turned his eyes of icy grey.
His thick lips asked: "How will you pay?
For one lies poisoned, and one lies dead
Who gave you apples, and gave you bread. . . .

"So if you wish me to quench your thirst
Give me your shawl of scarlet first,
Give me too your knife of gold
That I may see if your heart be cold!"

She was too weary to demur
And all things seemed the same to her . . .
He covered her face with the scarlet shawl,
She did not struggle nor cry at all.

Flow away, flow away, crimson stream,
The futile end to an obscure dream,
And may all lovers be comforted
That hungry earth, at least, is fed.

The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

False Alarm

I SIT here tonight
Fortified in my own particular silence,
Denny, the sheep-dog, lies in the next room,
And sometimes, when he stirs,
The tinkle of his license tag
Seems, for the dreadful tithing of a second,
The preliminary tocsin of a telephone call.

In that bursting schism of the mind
My whole wary garrison leaps furious to defense
And my walls bristle with armored paladins
Ready with reasons why I shouldn't do
Whatever it is
Whoever might want.

The Beads

As I dutifully hurried
In a dusk that had been cruel to me
I saw several people on 33rd Street
Hunting along the curb, bending and dodging among taxies
To pick up some shining scattered molecules.

There was an unhappy woman
Trying to retrieve her broken necklace
Of amber crystal beads.
Friendly passers played Hansel and Gretel,
But many were lost in the dusk.
She was not young or beautiful or wealthy,
And it troubled my heart to hear her say, poor dear,
"Oh, they had so much admiration today
I felt certain that before I got home
Something would happen to them."

And I, too, in the traffic of my wits
Had been trying to gather the scattered crystals
Of a chain of shining thoughts.

Caution

Nous prendrons des cocktails, n'est-ce pas?
Said I to the old French waiter.
But he was worried, and said it was impossible
Because we had that too synoptic table
Beside the window and the front door.
Eventually he relented (I knew he would)
And served them in large coffee cups, as usual.
But, surplus of discretion, he brought with them
A tiny jug of cream.
When we showed ourselves disposed to linger
He murmured anxiously:
Il faut boire tout de suite.

Short Circuit

The fraudulent electrician
Stuffs a nickel behind the fuse-plug
To prevent fuses from blowing.
It does; but it sometimes causes a fire elsewhere in the system
That burns down the house.

And the fraudulent metaphysician,
Be he psychoanalyst or theologian,
Does exactly the same thing.

Keep your fuse-box honest
And a short-circuit somewhere in the concealed wiring
Will be less likely
To yell Rescue Hook and Ladder Number One
Out of bed some glaring midnight.

Dialogue

What have you seen today that was beautiful?

Nothing I have seen today more beautiful
Than the red neck of the traffic cop
At the corner of Barclay Street:
A proud neck, strong, honorable, ruddy
In the bitter gust of January.
And the curl, above his nape, of his thick straw-colored hair;
And his huge gloved fingers
Clumsily waggling some driver to proceed. . . .

But you silly little thing, that's why I love you,
Because you don't waste any small enchantments.
Well, what have *you* seen beautiful today?

In that first onset of the winter squall
I saw small wreaths and sifting scrolls of snow
Dancing, twirling, floating on the road,
Running ahead like patterns on the way,
Racing down the road that led to you.

Suggestion

For Dancing and Dining, said the Old Mandarin,
I like to go to that chophouse
Where the couples, circling merrily,
Continually pass a sign,
Posted beside the dancing floor:
Exquisite Vegetable Dinner.
It seems, he said,
To make carnal thoughts impossible.

Thoughts in an Alcove

In a famous German restaurant
Which during the War displayed more Allied flags
Than any other place in town
You will still see, hanging in an alcove,
The bright banners of Britain and France—
Ready, I suppose,
For any future emergency.

Thoughts in a Garage

Now, said the motorist,
Adjusting the shutter,
I've put on her winter front
To keep her heart warm in the long long nights,
And a little alcohol
In her radiator.

Strege

There's a liqueur called *Strege*
(Witch, sorceress, the word means in Italian)
Distilled from flowers that grow high in the Alps.

There was an argument once about its color:
One said it had the tint of listerine,
Another, No, it's more like castor oil.
I thought, but did not say, it's just the color
Of windows in great buildings seen at dusk.

Cammeriere! Bring me a glass of *strege!*
I'm going to write a poem like a cordial
Distilled from flowers that grow high in my mind.

Death of a Journalist

Midway of this mortal life, the fellow
Met something he had never known before—
A region, very wide and deep, of Silence.

His notion was, at first, to write a sonnet:
Sonnet in Praise of Silence.
Yes, you smile,
But he smiled first. He didn't finish it:
He only wrote eight lines. Oh well, perhaps
That's the finest tribute I can pay him.

Christopher Morley

Giants in a Cloud

(*Continued from page* 525)

dwarfed by those of Britain. Poe, Emerson, Melville, Whitman and Clemens stand forth in the cloud of a stature with the other giants of those days. And to give the range and peculiarity of the book, Lewis Carroll is sandwiched between Christina Rossetti and William Morris. It is hard to remember sometimes that "The Aged, Aged Man" and "Two Red Roses Across the Moon" are of the same general vintage.

"Giants in a Cloud" we have called this brief comment. "Giants *under a Cloud*" might well apply to some of the great figures of the past here marshalled, viewed by the twentieth century's beady eyes. Yet, having seen some of our best modern minds "get after" the great in this volume, the latter seem to emerge pretty decently on the whole. The fact is that the book is, nationally, packed with superlative writing, by the examinees. When the credentials of the great are truly inspected, as here, they are found to be quite in order. Had we thought otherwise? Well, the book's title "Great Names" is a red rag to much modern criticism.

Can it, after all, be "criticism," however, when even certain revaluations in the present volume only serve to strengthen the position of most of the great writers noticed? For they have been examined without awe and divested of glamour by keen modern minds. And the verdict is that the majority of them were master-workmen. Their writing continues to shine from the page.

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Books of Special Interest

A Beloved Teacher

CYRUS NORTHROP. A Memoir. By OSCAR W. FIRKINS. The University of Minnesota Press. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

CYRUS NORTHROP was a native of Connecticut, a graduate of Yale in the class of 1857, a teacher of rhetoric at that institution for twenty years following 1863, and president of the University of Minnesota from 1884 until 1911. He wrote no books and achieved no distinction as a scholar. He did not rank as an educational statesman with McCosh, or Andrew D. White, or Angell, or William Rainey Harper. He left his mark on the State of Minnesota, but it was not such a deep mark as Van Hise left on Wisconsin or Edmund J. James on Illinois. He was an able administrator, a good teacher, an inspiring speaker, a man of solid judgment and sagacity, but in no sense a great man. Yet Dr. Firkins has written a 635-page biography which engrosses the reader's attention and which justifies its length as a study of a remarkable personality, a review of fifty years of certain aspects of university education, and a narrative with some surprisingly poignant elements.

It is the extraordinary honesty of the volume which gives it interest and excellence. Dr. Firkins was one of many subordinates who loved and admired Northrop, and because he esteemed him so deeply he has tried to tell the complete truth about him, to make him relive in these pages in his weaknesses as well as his strength. Northrop had qualities of strong common sense, of geniality, of tact, of democratic heartiness, which admirably fitted him to be head of a fast-growing university in the raw Northwest. He knew how to handle a parsimonious legislature and to wring appropriations out of it. He inspired an affectionate loyalty on the part of the faculty, and the student body was as wax in his kindly, tolerant hands. Looking with his round face, his large bespectacled eyes, and his chubby figure like some cherubic Jupiter, he impressed men with his childlike simplicity; yet on occasion he could be imperious and severe. Dr. Firkins illustrates in detail his good qualities. But he dwells with equal emphasis upon Northrop's invincible indolence, which led him to say frankly that his rule was never to do today what he could postpone till tomorrow; his lack of system; his want of acuteness and penetration; his failure to show innovating energy; and his tolerance which sometimes became weakness.

Upon the more intimate events of his life, too, Dr. Firkins is equally frank. Outwardly a sunny, prosperous career, beneath the surface it was full of personal tragedy. The ordinary formal biographer would have softened or suppressed these unhappy private facts, which give this volume its deepest challenge to the reader's sympathy and understanding. Northrop was fortunate in his calling, for the multifarious activities and constant little dramas of a university president's life appealed to him. He was fortunate in making a host of friends and no enemies, in avoiding most of the storms and controversies which beset academic heads, in his good health, in his firm religious convictions—he was a devout Congregationalist. His marriage was entirely happy, though Dr. Firkins is too honest to pretend that Mrs. Northrop, the daughter of a Connecticut saddler and stove-manufacturer, was intellectually an adequate companion or helpmeet. He was fortunate in his equable, cheerful, philosophic temperament, and his love of human associations of all sorts; he would drop the most interesting book to converse with the least interesting person. Minneapolis, too, was a fortunate place of residence—"the easy, jovial Minneapolis, where he had all sorts and grades of relations with all kinds and conditions of men." But he was tragically unfortunate in his children and his money affairs.

Of his three children, one daughter, Minnie, died at the age of ten, a sorely-felt loss. His only son, Cyrus, was attacked at the age of eight by scarlet fever, and emerged from it a pitiful human wreck; his mind weakened to the point of permanent childishness, his body partly paralyzed and subject to epileptic seizures. The remaining daughter, Elizabeth, was attacked by tuberculosis and was rescued from an untimely death only by thorough medical care followed by exile to a ranch in southern California. She became engaged to a high-spirited and admirable Minneapolis youth, who was rapidly becoming another son to Northrop, and who was on the very eve of his marriage to Elizabeth when he was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. It was a blow from which the whole family had difficulty in rallying. Years later Elizabeth married a young member of the Minnesota faculty, Joseph Warren Beach, and lived with him a life of almost unremitting invalidcy, her existence hanging by a thread, until she died in 1918. After that event Northrop was left in a loneliness which he keenly felt.

But the volcanic drama, the intense anxieties and pains that may lurk beneath an outwardly prosperous exterior, are best exemplified in Dr. Firkins's chapter upon "Money." The president of the University of Minnesota should of course never have had any pecuniary worries. His salary was large, for he had stipulated upon an unusually high remuneration when he left Yale: his wife possessed some inherited means; and his household was managed with a New England frugality of which the biographer gives some amusing illustrations. But Northrop had a weakness for erratic and highly risky investments. One was a company which was formed to pick and sell wild cranberries from Wood County, Minnesota; another was the Bradley Timber Company, whose failure left the harassed Dr. Northrop liable for $16,000; another was the Minnesota Tire Company, in which he seems to have sunk $6,500. There were still other bubble corporations, while the generous Northrop repeatedly made unwise loans, or even gifts, to needy friends. The money loss in these investments was bad enough; what was still worse was the worry which beset him night and day for long periods in his years of retirement. Dr. Firkins quotes a number of entries from his day-book which show the distress under which he labored. "I telephoned Scott and he said he would be here tomorrow—I asked him if he would bring relief and he said 'I certainly will bring relief.' This helps me, I hope, to sleep tonight"—so runs one jotting in 1918. A little later is another: "I've got to pay it. Total loss today $555. This is the bottom, I think." Still later, "Prices are awful." And farther on again, "Oh the dragging days—with trouble hanging overhead! Worry—worry—worry!" The spectacle of a man who had served for twenty-seven years as head of the University of Minnesota, and built that institution from a weak college to one of the strongest seats of learning in America, burdened in old age with anxiety because the price of potatoes and beef was "awful," is not pleasant. The university ultimately came to his rescue and helped him finish his lonely days in comparative physical comfort.

It is all a very human narrative. Dr. Firkins has put in countless little touches, from Northrop's boyhood on a Ridgefield farm to his death in 1922, which give it vitality and color. There are the future Mrs. Northrop's letters to her lover in the fifties: "The two things I purpose to do if ever your wife are—to keep your shirts in order and have your meals in readiness at the proper hour." There is Northrop's unsuccessful effort to escape the tobacco habit. There is his admonition, while holding the chair of rhetoric at Yale, to a tall, pale, weedy scholar who mumbled through a wretched essay: "I should advise you to stop writing compositions and go out and take a little exercise."

There was a touch of levity in the man that sometimes ran into license, but that—so whole-souled, so hearty, so genuinely benevolent was his nature—was always winning. Once the Bishop of Georgia discoursed eloquently in chapel upon the achievements of his State. When he ended, the President rose and said in his plumpest, placidest tones, as innocent as dimples: "We are all delighted with the vigorous speech of the Bishop of Georgia, but I warn you young gentlemen and ladies not to take for gospel everything that is told you by these immigration agents."

It is well to have an outline of the work Northrop did in adding college after college to the University, strengthening its faculty, informing its students with love of knowledge and respect for character. Many writers could have given us this. It is much more important to have a picture of the bluff, open, vigorous personality of the man, and very few writers could have presented it so fully, winningly, and expertly as Dr. Firkins. It is regrettable that the University press could not give a better dress to so admirable a biography.

". . . so many things that an outline ought to be, but frequently is not. . . ."

SIMEON STRUNSKY, writing in the *New York Times Book Review,* has this to say, among other things, of

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Edited by HYDER E. ROLLINS

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Books of Special Interest

Wrong-Doers

THE RIDDLE OF SOCIETY. By CHARLES PLATT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by BURDETTE G. LEWIS
Author of "The Offender and His Relation to Law and Society"

MR. PLATT has produced a readable and helpful book about wrong-doers at a time when wise counsel may be of great service. As a physician, he appreciates that the way to deal with typhoid fever is to kill or to confine the typhoid bacillus. Naturally he has scant sympathy for those who at first neglect a person until he becomes a criminal and then only would attempt to stop criminality merely by treating the criminal roughly. Apparently, Dr. Platt would as soon amputate the leg of a criminal as of a victim of an accident if that would cure him, but his book is filled with ample proof that the crime problem is too complex for any such simple treatment.

One of the great difficulties in handling the wrong-doer is the complexity of society, which Dr. Platt has described in interesting medical terms:

> Suppose that our livers had brains, and also our kidneys, and our hearts and our lungs, and suppose that the coöperation of these organs in the functioning of the body depended upon, not chemical and physical stimulation, but chiefly upon their exercise of judgment. And suppose that their judgments were generally imperfect, that these organs, each intensely egoistic, had the vaguest idea of what the body as a whole neded—or no idea at all. Suppose further that each organ had not only to satisfy the body, but also to satisfy the wishes of each of its individual cells. And suppose that these cells could not agree, and that the organ, having finally decided to act upon the voice of the majority, found itself confronted by a minority only partially reconciled to yield, or even positively refusing. Suppose, in fact, that these organs and cells were not all equally fit—suppose that in some organ there were a number of feeble-minded cells. Suppose, indeed, that in some cases only a few of the cells were truly able, and that the majority vote was the expression of the unable. And then, finally, suppose that there were ever present in each organ certain cells having a deliberate intention of injuring the rest, the determination of going contrary to the rest. Suppose these things, and then, remembering that the health of the whole and of each part depends upon a perfect coöperation, conceive of our bodies as so burdened! And yet this is a picture of society.

Dr. Platt explains the increase of wrong-doing partly by reason of the great increase of self-consciousness of the unsuccessful. He contrasts social and non-social individuals much as he does groups. He takes the position that the distinction between heredity and environment has been overworked, and, speaking as a sociologist and not as a biologist, states:

> Heredity is but the expression of an effect of environment, of an environment of the past. That which we inherit is that which was once laid down by the conditions governing the lives of our ancestors. We inherit the result of their experiences.

Poverty is frankly recognized as the cause of crime, disease, and abnormalities. Self-indulgence and lack of interesting occupation are also cited as possible causes.

In the chapters dealing with adolescence, thievery, and prostitution, the Doctor marshalls, in general terms, a powerful argument for a scientific study and treatment of the wrong-doer. The criminal law he recognizes as an instrumentality for good but insists it must be brought up to date and modified to meet modern requirements.

Prisons are regarded as of little value. The author's description of the shortcomings of mere punishment are well worth repeating:

> Punishment cannot make good tendencies—the best it can do is to attach associations of pain to bad ones. If then punishment is to effect a reform, there must be good tendencies already present, tendencies which, with the discovery that the bad tendencies are painful and undesirable, will rise to the surface and replace these. Suppose that there are no good tendencies, suppose that those which should be there have been early overlaid and destroyed by evil example and bad instruction—when we destroy the bad in such a one, without first providing a good to take its place, we destroy the whole man. The wreckage left behind is but a sorry foundation upon which to build a character structure. For punishment to be truly effective there must be a sense of having done wrong, a knowledge of the right, and, furthermore, an agreement that the punishment is justified. How seldom will such a combination of understandings be met with! This man in the dock has an idea of his crime quite other than ours. Had he succeeded, had he escaped getting caught, then all would have been to his credit. But luck was against him, and now he is in the hands of his enemies.

Mr. Platt lays down a social program for the prevention of wrong-doing and for the salvaging of the delinquent, which does not go into details as to specific remedies and methods, but nevertheless, deals with the subject more generally for the benefit of the general reader. The subject is dealt with from the standpoint of crime prevention and not from the standpoint of stopping the immediate depradations of the active criminal who is now particularly active.

Civil War Vignettes

STATESMEN AND SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (Atlantic Monthly Press Publication). 1926. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES B. WALKER

MAJOR-GENERAL Sir Frederick Maurice, one of the most distinguished English writers on military subjects and author of "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier," was made Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff in 1915. These studies were delivered as the Les-Knowles lectures for 1925-26 at Trinity College, Cambridge, and some of them have been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The author remarks that if a closer study had been made of the processes by which President Lincoln evolved a system for the conduct of our Civil War, England would have been saved much painful labor in the Great War; and then points out the difference between control and command in the case of a statesman.

> On such occasions as either President was tempted to exercise the functions of Commander-in-Chief he was usually unsuccessful and in the event of Jefferson Davis was forced by the pressure of circumstances and of public opinion to hand over these functions to another while Abraham Lincoln abrogated them voluntarily.

In four studies he discusses the relations of Jefferson Davis with J. E. Johnston and Lee and of Abraham Lincoln with McClellan and Grant. Accusations made by the critics of Davis are refuted but the author convicts him of failure to have a war policy, an excess of caution, lack of enterprise, and a tendency to rely too much on his limited military experience. He seemed to regard retreat as an indefensible weakness. As a coördinating authority he was a failure. Still, "Davis was not a great man but I believe him to have been above the average of war ministers." Johnston is condemned for not letting Davis know how he proposed to protect Richmond, and Davis held more blameworthy for the ill feeling existing between them. "To retain a general in command and bicker with him is not the act of a statesman."

Lee managed Davis with great tact and discretion, but is criticized for not having made it clearer to Davis before the campaign of Gettysburg that the time had come to stake everything on the result of an offensive campaign. Lee had a definite war policy but failed to press it on his superior.

McClellan's weaknesses and egotism are not minimized. He was always pitying himself and blaming others but "a little study on his part of how to deal with a statesman in war and on Lincoln's part of the principles of statecraft in the conduct of war, would almost certainly have overcome such difficulties as existed and have enabled McClellan to be a very valuable servant of the state." Lee said after the War that McClellan was the ablest of the Union generals, "by long odds." It must be remembered that Grant regarded Joseph E. Johnston as the best commander on the Confederate side. What will be the verdict of history?

Lincoln's action in 1862 when he interfered with the military conduct of the war comes in for censure and he made the same mistake as Davis in organizing his forces into Military Departments and trying to coördinate their activities himself. His selection of Halleck for Commander-in-Chief was unfortunate, but when Grant replaced him and Halleck became Chief of Staff, the President had learned by sad experience and the functions of policy and strategy were established on a sound basis. Grant is thus characterized:

> He had not Lee's extraordinary skill in manœuvre but he had the vision to see the military problem of the Union as a whole, the imagination to draw his plans on a big scale, the courage to stick to his plans in adversity and a real understanding of the responsibilities and anxieties of the Government.

To sum up:

> Jefferson Davis had no clear policy and a brilliant soldier could not win victory without that aid which policy should have given. The Confederate President cannot fairly be charged with undue interference with the operations of his generals in the field; the charge rather should be that he did not interfere enough in the right way. Abraham Lincoln had a very definite and entirely sound policy from the beginning of the war, but he did not know how to translate that policy into instructions to McClellan, and McClellan did not know what advice to give his political chief, nor, indeed, was he aware that it was his duty to advise him at all.

The fifth study is devoted to a proposed system for the conduct of war with some criticisms of the British conduct of the Great War. The methods employed by Kitchener, Churchill, and Lloyd George are described as well as the system created by Sir William Robertson which produced an immediate improvement. Great Britain was hampered by the numerous plans stoutly advocated by cabinet ministers. General Maurice says "there must be an established government in time of war by which cabinet ministers are furnished with the means of observing and checking the execution of their policy by their generals."

In this book the difference between government in peace and war is clearly set forth. It may be read with profit by statesmen, soldiers, and civilians, and the book contains only 161 pages.

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A Letter From Paris

By Louise Morgan Sill

THE extraordinary changes in the evolution of Mussolini must have struck everybody who has followed his spectacular career from its revolutionary beginnings to its present imperialistic tendencies. In M. Louis Roya's short but pointed "Histoire de Mussolini" (Kra) he gives a documental account of the *duce's* development, with quotations from Mussolini's own articles. M. Roya ascribes the character of his political evolution chiefly to the temperament of the man himself, to personal resentments and reactions. As everyone remembers, he was a very poorly paid editor of the *Avanti*, without enough decently to support his wife and child—and some years later his fascist followers devastated the *Avanti* offices. Before that event Mussolini had managed to get backing enough to found his own paper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, in which he thundered against whom he would; and as a journalist, Roya compares him with the famous Rochefort and with Léon Daudet, particularly the vehement latter. In 1910 he was expelled from the socialist party because of his extreme ideas. But, having formerly execrated the King, and religion, against which he constantly blasphemed, Mussolini has completely changed these policies, and Roya does not attribute the alterations in his attitude to anything savoring of high moral reasons. In short, this little book is not only informing, but even diverting, and might appear to be biased and even unjudicial if it were not fairly well stiffened with documents. The author gives much space to the significance of the murder of Matteotti.

Another dictator—but of fashion only, and without any dictatorial tendencies—was an equally fascinating character, but as different from Signor Mussolini as a human being could very well be, Casimar de Montrond, whom Henri Malo revives for us in his most readable book "Le Beau Montrond" (Emile-Paul). Casimir, Comte de Montrond, issue of the *petite noblesse*, was dandy, gourmet, connoisseur, charming gentleman, but he was more than that. He possessed one of the clearest intelligences of his time, and was a diplomat born without ever having openly or officially adopted that career. For forty years the intimate of Talleyrand, for whom he was the most useful of financial and political agents, even spy when necessity demanded it, he was also trusted by Louis XVIII, and even served Napoleon on at least one occasion by conveying letters to the Empress Marie-Louise then in Austria. But Napoleon rightly doubted him. His principal attractions for readers are his wit, his endless gift of repartee, his accomplishments as a gentleman of a school now past and gone. His adventures with women, from the unmoral Pauline Bonaparte down to chambrières, would fill volumes, but are sufficiently indicated by our author. The generosity, the fine good humor and love of life, the wit, sangfroid, and unfaltering fidelity to friendship of Montrond compel admiration in spite of his unedifying faults. He was frequently in England, and when King George the Third's son, the Duke of York, heard rumors of the man, he asked "Who the devil is this Montrond?" "They say," was the reply, "he's the most agreeable rascal and greatest rake in all France." "Indeed!", said the Duke, "we must invite him at once to dinner." When Montrond was a political prisoner on the ship of an English Admiral, one of the officers at dinner politely proposed a toast to the French. Montrond rose at once and lifted his glass. But the Admiral exclaimed, "They are all rascals, I make no exception." Montrond sat down coldly. Then, filling his glass again, he made a profound bow to the Admiral and said, "I drink to the English. They are all gentlemen . . . but I make some exceptions."

A book of well-rooted literary sketches of Gide, Proust, Barrès, Paul Morand, Mauriac, Cocteau, and many others, is M. René Gillouin's "Esquisses Littéraires et Morales" (Grasset), in many of which the author goes deeper into his subjects than most critics ever do. He has already published an interesting group of books, among them "La Philosophie de M. Bergson" and "Idées et Figures d'Aujourd'hui," which was crowned by the Academy of Moral Sciences. He has also taken the *Prix de la Critique*, the *Prix Taylor*, and the *Prix Audiffred*. He pays a just tribute to M. Abel Bonnard, already referred to in these notes as the flower of Parisian journalism—though the phrase is unsatisfactory, for M. Bonnard is only a journalist for practical purposes, being a poet and essayist of rare quality and a thinker with psychological and moral value. He does not care, it is said, to gather his articles into a volume. His last published book was on Stendhal, "L'Histoire Amoureuse de Henri Beyle" (Flammarion), in which he is thought to reveal the true Stendhal.

Abbé Henri Brémond, of the French Academy, now publishes in book form, under the title "La Poésie Pure" (Grasset), his illuminating articles on the inexhaustible subject of the nature of poetry which appeared in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* last fall and winter. Included in the volume is a debate on poetry by Robert de Souza. In this book M. Brémond brings his learning and the testimony of many others to bear on the analysis of the nature of poetry, with literary, artistic, scientific, philosophical, and religious viewpoints. But the subject is generally handled from the profane bias. In an accompanying volume, "Prière et Poésie," from the same publisher, Abbé Brémond enters the religious domain of thought and develops the connection between poetry and man's highest aspirations. This is to say very little of the full, rich content of this work. Although not a poet himself in the sense of producing poetry, so far as I know, who can understand poetry better than this remarkable Frenchman who brings to bear on the question not only great erudition but the most exquisite sensibility? His influence makes for the restoration of the romantic spirit in poetry.

Masterpieces of the French Renaissance are being published, by subscription, by the Editions du Trianon, under the direction of M. Pierre Champion. The so-called first French novel of manners, "Le Petit Jehan de Saintré," by Antoine de la Sale, appears this month (November), with miniatures, pen-sketches, etc., taken from the various extant MSS of this story. La Sale lived from 1390-1464. The present edition is a definitive text taken from the author's own MSS, recently refound, which is annotated and corrected by himself, and based on the nine other known MSS of the tale. There are critical notes by M. Fernand Desonay.

M. Joseph Bédier writes in a recent number of the *Revue de France* on the subject of "Le Chanson de Roland," elucidating the problem of its origin with his customary clearsighted and sure learning. He places its appearance midway between the years 1050 and 1150, when it came "like a miracle," but not the only miracle of that period in French history during which the first Crusade took place, the first charter of communal liberty was achieved, the first painted window was made, the first mystery was written in the popular tongue, and so on.

Gaston Baty, director of the Studio des Champs-Elysées, which is the most modern of modern Parisian Little Theatres, has written a book "Le Masque et l'Encensoir" (Bloud et Gay) which he calls "Introduction à une Esthétique du Thèatre," which is interesting to readers who care for the latest developments in theatrical art.

A new and young author, of French and American origin, M. Julien Green, has recently made a lasting impression on the Paris reading world by a novel entitled "Mont-Cinère," one of those sombre dramas of family life in the country which if well done are invariably impressive. The subject of the author's analysis is an unusual one—the avarice of a woman. He exposes truth by a method very objective, very restrained, full of subtle details, which produces an unequivocal effect of power. He may go far. Although he is not like Poe, some suggestion of Poe's mystery and fatalism hangs about his work. In the August and September numbers of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* he published a long story called "Le Voyager sur la Terre," full of mystery and fear, and with a quaint old-fashioned flavor that would be delightful if the tale were not also one of madness and suicide. M. Green writes in distinctive and almost classical French.

André Gide kept a journal while he was writing his novel "Les Faux-Monnayeurs," in which he noted the development of his characters and studied the art of novel-writing. The Eritions Eos have published this journal in a limited edition under the title of "Le Journal des Faux-Monnayeurs." The book is interesting to students of Gide, who can join him here in his study of himself and his work, and also to novelists for the questions it raises, the problems it possesses.

M. Henri Lavedan's "Le Vieillard" (Hachette) consists of conversations and dialogues among a varied group of people on the subject of growing old—their attention being confined to such victims of age as possess sufficient fortunes and are in good health. Under these circumstances age assumes attractive lights and shadows, and the genial wit and wisdom of the author make the book a charming advocate for the art of growing old gracefully.

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A Chinese Story

THE TRUE STORY OF AH Q: LU-HSÜN (Chow Tso-Jen). Translated by George Kin Leung. Shanghai: Commercial Press, Ltd. 1926.

Reviewed by George H. Danton.

Tsing Hua College, Peking

THE author of this interesting work is a native of the province of Chekiang, a province with a long literary tradition in classical studies. It was renowned for its ability to supply literary secretaries to high officials who needed special stylists. It is therefore especially interesting that one of the best works in the reform literature of China of today should be written by a scholar of that province, the native dialect of which is so different from the so-called Pai Hua, or vernacular Chinese. That the use of the vernacular as a literary language has spread to a province which has so different a linguistic tradition, is a fact of prime importance in present-day Chinese literary movements.

It is, however, not the style of work which makes the present translation important. The translator, an American-born Chinese, has attempted a faithful version, the rough spots in which may, to a certain extent, be due to the difficulties of the Chinese vernacular to mould itself into a medium of elegant literary expression. Its present structure, quite contrary to that of the old classical language, is loose and even formless; almost any collection of poems or short stories is filled with exclamation points and question marks in the place of genuine Chinese expressions, so that any translation is bound to seem somewhat thin.

It is therefore all the more remarkable that Mr. Chow's character sketch—for the story is nothing more—holds the attention as it does. There is a wealth of psychological revelation and a documenting of the subtle states of the Chinese mind done by a master hand. The introduction is whimsical and semi-learned, in the best manner not only of the Chinese, but of the English literary tradition of the eighteenth century, and leaves the reader piqued with interest in the worthless ne'er-do-well, Ah Q, a pounder of rice and an odd-job coolie. Soon, however, the reader is inducted more deeply into his character, and realizes that here in China, quite independently of Europe, one has come upon the beginning of a "stream of consciousness" story of the type made famous by Joyce and carried on by Virginia Woolf. The portrayal of the psychological abnormalities seems entirely unconscious; they rise to the surface and disappear, and complexes of the most varied nature relieve each other in the moron-mind of the hero. As a steady fundamental there is a consistent masochism, which dies away in the latter part of the work. Any one who is familiar with Chinese fiction knows that Freudian states are by no means foreign to it.

The whole story is told so objectively and acicularly that the average reader, who has only the traditional Chinese in his mind, will wonder at its being a product of that land. Throughout the whole, there is a pessimism which portrays each character with naked realism and with an almost Swiftian misanthropy; the high and mighty Chao family, The "False Foreigner," the soft spoken judge, and even the little nun, are all given without the slightest attempt to soften their characters, but rather with unsentimental naturalism. The author is as one of those whom he portrays. The revolution of 1911 is seen as a subterfuge for looting and the very end of the book is a triumph of cynicism. Those who had gone to the execution were disappointed, for the culprit had gone to his doom without singing the songs for which he was noted. For those who wish to gain an understanding of the Chinese mind and of the capacity of present-day Chinese to touch life, this book will be a distinct revelation.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL PAINTED GLASS. By J. D. LECOUTEUR. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1926.

The controversy between those who believe that mediæval windows of colored glass should be called stained and those who insist that they be called painted is revived in the opening sentence. The author takes the latter view, thus reverting to the earlier practice. His desire to make good this point leads him at once into a discussion of the process of silver stain, a discussion which prevents the book from getting under way. This lack of structure mars the first five chapters. Two other faults appear in this first part. With the purpose of preventing confusion in the mind of the average reader the technical process of glass manufacture and the making of the window are treated in a summary manner. This does not make for clarity. On the other hand there are introduced a host of documents relating to the condition of glass makers and painters in the Middle Ages which have been taken from archæological journals and which might better have been referred to in the footnotes. They only serve to confuse the reader and to confirm him in his impression that the writer would like to be taken for a scholar. The historical development of English glass occupies the major portion of the book and is by far the best part. Here the writer has forgotten what other people have said and writes with the enthusiasm of an explorer. He has travelled up and down England and gives first hand descriptions of little-known windows in remote ecclesiastical and secular buildings. These are chosen for illustration rather than examples from the large cathedrals.

Drama

SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS. Edited by *Frederick D. Losey*. Winston.

THE WOOD DEMON. By *Anton Tchechov*. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky. Macmillan.

LITTLE THEATRE ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT. By *Alexander Dean*. Appleton.

THE PLAYS OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Edited by IOLO A. WILLIAMS. Dial. $3.

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR AND OTHER PLAYS. By *Nikolay Gogol*. Translated by Constance Garnett. Knopf. $2.50 net.

SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT." Macmillan.

TWELVE ONE-ACT PLAYS. Longmans, Green. $2.50.

Fiction

TWILIGHT. By COUNT EDOUARD VON KEYSERLING. Macaulay. 1927. $2.50.

The late Count Keyserling, deceased in 1918, is here given his first American publication, a volume composed of a novel, "Twilight," and two short stories, "Harmony," and "Kersta." From neither of the latter, though they are well formed examples of Continental, pessimistic irony, is one likely to draw the conclusion that the author was gifted with genius, but in "Twilight" there is undoubtedly the stuff of greatness. It is an infinitely melancholy tale of pre-war, north German, landed nobility, and its theme is the eternal struggle of youth to escape from the bonds of obsolete views and conventions imposed by the uncomprehending elder generation. Disillusionment, blighted love, suicide and despair are the bitter fruits of the conflict and, sad to tell, it is the frustrated young who bear the burden of all these sorrows—the older folk seeming to be armored with a stolid impregnability to the tragic human forces contending around them. An atmosphere of overwhelming gloom, disintegration, and hopelessness pervades the tale, a kind of sombre and futile beauty, penetrating to one's marrow, and compelling unenthusiastic recognition of the author's imaginative power. On finishing the story, impressive though its merits unquestionably are, the average reader is not liable to beg for more from this dismal Teutonic master.

PRINCESS CHARMING. By WILBUR FAWLEY. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

The ancient, indestructible, exchanged babies are once more put through their paces—the pair this time being girls of Sarsinian birth—one the kidnapped daughter of the assassinated king, the other a peasant waif. Sarsinia is, of course, that miniature principality of southeastern Europe which lies near Graustark. Our two infants are transported by their custodians to America whence, many years later, the expediency of political events in the old country requires their return. An American youth, son of a pickle magnate, loves the princess, who turns out to be not the princess, and is instrumental in saving Sarsinia from ruin and starvation. The story is a pleasantly written, if more than usually naïve, modern fairly tale.

THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER. By C. M. SUBLETTE. With illustrations by Rodney Thomson. Little, Brown. (Atlantic Monthly Press Publication). 1926. $2.

"The Scarlet Cockerel," published in 1925, won a substantial prize offered by the Atlantic Monthly Press for an adventure story. Now Mr. Sublette offers a second novel cast in the same general mold. "The Bright Face of Danger," picturing Virginia during Bacon's Rebellion in 1676, is a satisfactorily brisk romantic novel, filled with battles, Indians, heroic exploits, and true love. Although at times it seems as if Mr. Sublette had drawn up a list of conventional elements for this type of novel and then forcibly injected them into his plot we do not on the whole resent the villainy of the odious Padric Cahune or the perfection of Judith Anthony. Such contrasts are probably essential to the simple narrative of action. Throughout, Mr. Sublette has written vividly and with a fertile invention that neither emphasizes nor neglects unduly the historical background. "The Bright Face of Danger" may safely be recommended to readers who care for vigor and incident rather than subtlety and depth.

DEVIL-MAY-CARE. By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE. Century. 1926. $2.

What a moving picture Mr. Roche's novel would make! That is our first thought on reading "Devil-May-Care," a rapid story of adventure and love among the idle rich in Florida, the Florida of real estate booms and imported gondolas. The title is the nickname given by a constantly astonished nation to Lucy Harkness, millionaire orphan and sportswoman, whose exploits furnish luscious material for the tabloid newspapers. In the course of the novel Mr. Roche leads his heroine a wild chase through difficulty after difficulty in surprising variety; to say that these experiences are sensational is to describe only mildly their quality. But they are told with such a vivacious good humor and such sureness of touch that the reader is serenely carried along through improbabilities of character and incident.

"Devil-May-Care" will seem to the captious a little emphatic in its treatment of sex, but the indiscretion is at no time serious. The novel is all it pretends to be and nothing more—a wild yet somehow plausible tale of love and adventure in a magic land where all is youth and wealth.

Foreign

BISMARCK. By *Emil Ludwig*. Berlin: Rowohlt.

LE ROMANTISME. By *Louis Reynaud*. Paris: Colin.

LA LITTERATURE ITALIENNE. By *M-Th. Laignel*. Paris: Colin.

LA VIE DOULOURENSE DE CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. By *François Porché*. Paris: Plon.

POLITIQUE ET FONCHONNEMENT DES TRANSPORTS PAR CHEMIN DE FER PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *Marcel Peschand*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

LA SANTE ET LE TRAVAIL DES FEMMES PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *Marcel Frois*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

PARIS PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *Henri Sellier*. *A. Bruggeman*, and *Marcel Poëte*. Paris Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

History

THE TRAIL OF LEWIS AND CLARK, 1804-1904. By OLIN D. WHEELER. New Edition. With an Introduction by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Putnams. Two vols. 1926. $10.

This work, indispensable to scholars of Northwestern history, and fascinating to the general reader, is reprinted from the original plates, and with the 200 original illustrations, twenty-two years after the first issue. Many men have written upon the Lewis and Clark Expedition. But Mr. Wheeler's work stands alone in its combination of three elements: a thorough analysis of Lewis and Clark's own report of their expedition; a remarkably full commentary, drawn from the works of other early explorers and of later historians; and a graphic description of every part of the route, made possible by Mr. Wheeler's own

(*Continued on next* page)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

years of experience on the Lewis and Clark trail. The two volumes throw much illumination upon Indian life, the fur trade, the adventures, exploits, and errors of the various Northwestern travelers between 1800 and 1860, the topography and geology of the region traversed, and even the development of the Northwest in recent years. Human interest is lent by the author's firm grasp of the character and personality of each of the chief figures of the expedition: the shrewd and capable Clark, the more temperamental Lewis (whose mysterous death soon after the close of the journey may have been either suicide or murder), the heroic maiden Sacajawea, and the adventurous John Colter. Repeatedly—most notably in his treatment of the journey through the Bitter Root range — Mr. Wheeler has elucidated a portion of the trail which the text of the Lewis and Clark journals have left vague. The rich array of maps and photographs adds greatly to the value of the work: we are the more grateful for them in that they would be too expensive to publish in a new book today.

THE FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND, 1224-1538. By EDWARD HUTTON. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

This book is less startling than it promises to be at first sight. The wrapper announces that the Franciscans founded Oxford and Cambridge. The author announces that the work was written "for the repose of the soul of Henry VIII." Its success in this laudable aim is not to be measured, but as a summary of the history of the Friars Minor and the Poor Clares in England down to the suppression the volume is very useful. The facts are drawn from published sources and presented with the sympathy one would expect from a writer whose earlier pictures of the Franciscan cradle-land are so pleasing. It must be admitted, however, that sympathy rather than judgment has formed some of the opinions expressed. Absolute condemnation of anything that had a share in the necessary transformation of Franciscanism from an Umbrian idyll into a workaday religious order is common enough, but a less lyric historian might find regret more just than blame and hesitate to describe the rôle of the papacy as one of steady opposition to the idealism of St. Francis. Again, the English Franciscans are supposed to have been sympathetic to two aspects of the Reformation, Erastianism and plunder, an opinion made probable only considering Ockham a typical friar and his spirit as alive and widespread in the English friaries of the sixteenth century.

The great names of Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus tempted Mr. Hutton into fields where he is not entirely at home. Bacon's relation to the traditional forms of Scholasticism is made one of constant dissent in doctrine and method. Now, despite certain of his views, Bacon is very much of a Scholastic. Even that weariness of the Intellectus Agens of which Mr. Hutton tells us was, one suspects, weariness of other persons' theories of a point on which Bacon was certainly not too weary to write his own. Hylomorphism, particularly the Scotish, is not grasped with precision. But the author is not to be blamed for the curious Latinity of the printers.

CIVILIZATION AND CIVILIZATIONS. By E. H. GODDARD and T. A. GIBBONS. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

There are two types of historians whose vocabulary the younger generation is learning to view with suspicion, the personifiers and the dramatists. The first refer to nations as "she," the second discover "laws," which work themselves out in the historical process. A few bold spirits have combined both vices, and the result is not so much a drama as a circus. The civilizations go through their hoops to the crack of the historian's whip.

In Spengler's circus there are nine hoops or "epochs" and nine she-performers, and the whip is cracking all the time. Though history frequently loses sight of the civilizations, the applause of our cousins who have never seen a circus before is generally deafening.

Messrs. Goddard and Gibbons, though they too, crack whips, have also a functional resemblance to the comics who create a diversion by burlesqueing the major turns. They out-Spenglerize Spengler himself in their attempt to give us the master's essence, but their book, though it may be suspected of being a parody by those who have not sampled the original, has in fact the advantage of being both shorter and more simply written.

The absurdities of Spengler, and *a fortiori* of his equally dogmatic exponents, are so patent that were it not for his temporary vogue in a disgruntled Germany he need never have been paid the compliment of translation. Writers like Renan, Weber, and Fueter remain virtually unknown in America, but we are asked to treat seriously such preposterous generalizations as: "In those civilizations where architecture is not the most typical art, i.e., everywhere but in Egypt, it reaches its highest form about 200 years before the highest point in politics is attained." This apparently because of the temples of Paestrum and the French cathedrals; for even in Arabia the course of events is obscured by a "pseudo-morphisis" (a euphemism for developments which fail to fit into an æsthetic where Cézanne and Renoir are both "decadents"). "C. S. Ricketts and Francis Crease," say our authors themselves, "do far better work than all the expressionists and symbolists." They are clear that no sculptor since the days of Michael Angelo "really counts." Certainly many Philadelphians will agree with them that all the deadly sins that mark a decline today (according to Spengler) are exaggerated. They find a refusal to abide by rules of form, to observe any form at all; individualism becomes predominant, subjectivism, penetrates, and Art can do little but lisp and stammer and roar about vain nothings. "Brahms and Wagner give way to Strauss and Debussy. . . . It is vain to hope to stem the tide."

We cannot, however, look even to the religious revival which is so often desiderated just at this point, for all the greater thought of Christianity "has, in the end, been submerged in the religious superstitions of the masses." That more readers may be jolted a trifle by such *obiter dicta* is probably the best that we can hope from the whole Spenglerian Canon.

HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM. By EDITH ABBOTT. University of Chicago Press. 1926. $4.50.

No doubt this book will be extremely useful to those enrolled in the schools of social service and to others of philanthropic predilections. But to the scientist, it will appear a rather mediocre performance. In the first place, the title is misleading. It is called "Historical Aspects of the Immigration Problem" which would lead to the expectation of a developed analysis of the past of immigration. Instead one gets a book of scattered reports—each section containing a brief introductory note, a series of letters, and other documents. Approximately 120 years are covered in 150 pages in each sectional topic. The net effect is what the better history books tell us in a few pages. In many letters considerable parts have no bearing on the sections in which they are placed, with the result that there is considerable repetition.

Yet it must be said that certain parts are handled with some skill. Those on "Domestic Problems" and "Assimilation" present their case in a manner comparable to Thomas and Zaniecki's work on the "Polish Peasant in America." But in the sections devoted to the "Causes of Immigration" and the "Economic Consequences of Immigration," the faulty method of students of social service is betrayed. It is matters such as these which call for a type of ability which seems to be rare among people who devote themselves to welfare work. Perhaps it requires too much difficult research or does not possess the superficial vitality which informs such collections of reports and letters as those, for instance, on "assimilation." The study of economic consequences requires detailed investigation by experts. The letters of immigrants and the speeches of statesmen are no doubt interesting as showing the attitudes of affected groups, but the scientist will distrust personal statements as evidence of genuine causation. For such causes statistical research is necessary. In fairness it should be said that for the period which Professor Abbott is studying very little statistical data is available, and that there are in the collection some few statements by trained economists—but only a few.

When it comes to causes of immigration the same reasoning holds. We need to know the statistical evidence of conditions for one thing and also a statistical consensus of opinion among the mass of immigrants. How strong were religious "motives," and how strong were economic "motives," and how strong were political ones? All we are given is a limited number of individual opinions.

LIFE AND WORK OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By DOROTHY HARTLEY and MARGARET M. ELLIOTT. Putnams. 1926. 2 vols. $2.50 each.

The purpose of this series of volumes is to give a pictorial record of the social activity of each century from the Norman Conquest to 1900. Each volume will cover roughly one century, the two volumes mentioned here on the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries being the first to appear. Like most picture books, these are amusing and often interesting.

The volumes are divided into sections, the whole volume being prefaced by an introductory note on the chief features of the century there described. For the fifteenth century, the subject matter includes sections on clothing; household life; amusements; agriculture; trades; travel and transport; Church; law and education; and medicine. In the volume on the sixteenth century there are a few extra pages on cities and ships.

It is difficult to understand the precise object of the authors in omitting all identification as to the origin of the 150 illustrations used in each volume. Their excuse is that such reference would be too complicated and not necessary for the object of the books, yet the series would hardly be injured by the addition of such information, and certainly the added value would be considerable. There is also a curious failure to correlate text and illustrations. The section on Church, Law, and Education contains illustrations of war and castles. The section on Travel and Transport is adorned with the picture of a lady taking a bath.

The volumes do not pretend to be more than picture and reference books for schools, and this object they attain.

THE ORIGIN OF THE RIGHT OF FISHERY IN TERRITORIAL WATERS. By *Percy Thomas Fenn, Jr.* Harvard University Press.

THE STORY OF MANKIND. By *Hendrik Van Loon.* Boni & Liveright. New Edition.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By *E. D. Bradby.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

GEORGIA AND THE UNION IN 1850. By *Richard Harrison Shryock.* Duke University Press. $4.50.

International

THE BRITISH GENERAL STRIKE. By SCOTT NEARING. Vanguard Press. 1926. $.50.

One would think that after all his trials, with all the bitterness they must have engendered, Mr. Nearing would be a questionable authority on any question involving the established order. Yet, despite a few sins of commission and omission, he was here presented a highly illuminating and impartial sketch of the British general strike, its background and its results.

He does not present a simple chronological narrative. His task is not simply that of a newspaper reporter. He is above all a theorist. As a theorist he uses a great number of hypotheses to explain and unite the scattered threads of the events which took place. So we are presented with a chapter called "Imperial Decline," sketching, in broad outlines, the rise of British imperialism and the causes of its failure—the General Strike being a manifestation of its end. He does try to meet the facts, but here and there the optimistic *flair* of the dreamer appears, who sees the day, just around the corner, when a new harmonious system will be completed.

The attitudes of the various groups involved are made very plain, in spite of Utopian predilections. On the one hand stood the upper classes supported by the government. To them the strike appeared as a menace to law and order, an attempt at civil war. "For King and Country" was their plea, in asking for volunteers to keep the national services running. The word Country used in this sense meant that they identified their interests with the nation's interests, forgetting that the laborers formed the majority of the nation. To them, the General Strike meant that the control of England might pass to labor. So they fought for their status and the old established ways of England.

Opposing them were the leaders of the

Mr. Ernest Boyd makes some comments on

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strike. There was Thomas pleading that it was only an industrial dispute, and that the strikers also were anxious to avoid civil war. All the leaders had been trained in trade union tactics—the guerrilla warfare of striking. But here was something quite out of their line. This required a high order of statesmanship for, after all, it might lead to anything. They were fighting for an end which was not a customary one. And they failed. They were frightened by the charge of disloyalty to the state, by a court decision, by a few disturbances, by depletion of funds, and above all, perhaps by the size of the weapon they had unsheathed, a weapon which they soon realized would have to be supplemented by the calling out of all the unions instead of the first line only; and then a situation would be created not easily distinguished from civil war.

Nearing regrets that the strike was called off, this since he conceives it as merely postponing the issue. Another strike will come, he thinks, but his witnesses are not as certain as he; in fact some of them, such as McDonald, feel that the General Strike has been shown to be a clumsy weapon.

ASPECTS OF MEXICAN CIVILIZATION. By *José Vasconcelos* and *Manuel Gamio*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

SOME MEXICAN PROBLEMS. By *Moises Saenz* and *Herbert I. Priestley*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

THE NEW KOREA. By *Alleyne Ireland*. Dutton. $5.

CHINA'S INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By *Harley Farnsworth MacNair*.. Shanghai: Commercial Press, Ltd.

Juvenile

THE COMMONWEALTH OF CONNECTICUT. A Map. New Haven: The Children's Bookshop. 1926.

Another imaginative map for children, this one rich, as Connecticut is rich, in historical association and ancient memory all graphically presented in line and color. Even Winsted gets its legend of journalistic natural history and the variety and interest of a little tract of hills and valleys in which every town has its legend, its spot in history, its natural beauty, its bit of art, and its place in the development of American civilization are pleasingly displayed to the eye. Every school should have this map.

FRANK BROWN, SEA APPRENTICE. By *Frank T. Bullen*. McKay.

PETER PAN AND WENDY. Retold by *May Byron*. Illustrated by Mabel Lucie Attwell. Scribners.

TALES OF MANY FOLK. Retold by *Georgene Faulkner*. Scribners. 80 cents.

BUMPY BOBS. By *Jack Roberts*. Duffield.

THE VALUE OF THRIFT. By *Edmund Dane*. Putnam. 90 cents.

THE ROSE AND THE RING. By *W. M. Thackeray*. (Kings Treasuries of Literature.) Dutton. 60 cents.

TRYING TOBY. By *Margaret Gilour*. Illustrated by Jack Orr. McKay. $1.25 net.

TONY SARG'S NEW YORK. By TONY SARG. Greenberg. 1926.

This is a most delightful picture book for anyone who has felt in the least the fascination of Manhattan. It is done in the style of the same artist's former "Humors of London." The pictures are all bird's-eye views, full of tiny figures in lively action, the backgrounds being the best known in New York, viz; The Public Library, the Grand Central, the Aquarium, the Metropolitan, the Stock Exchange, and so on. Tony Sarg is an accomplished humorous draughtsman and his colored illustrations are an ingenious delight. The publisher has given the volume a very attractive flat format and fitted it into a bright orange slip-case.

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Edited by SIR HUGH ALLEN, GRANVILLE BANTOCK, EDWARD J. DENT, SIR HENRY WOOD. Dutton. 1926. $12.

This book is intended as a supplement to other existing musical dictionaries and will be indispensable to persons who want to be well posted on the fascinating and bewildering musical activities of the last forty-five years. Restricted to this period, unlike "The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians," which treats of the last two centuries and touches upon the whole of musical history, there is room in this dictionary for fuller biographical and critical sketches of contemporary composers. A variety of musicians and writers, including some distinguished names and many nationalities, have contributed articles stimulating in their enthusiasm and intimate knowledge. One object of the book is the celebration of the "English Renaissance" in music. Not since Elizabethan days have there been so many gifted English composers living at the same time, and the interim was so long that a popular fallacy that the English could not even be expected to be musical is only lately being dispelled.

Composers are written about in this book by their compatriots, so that national pride enhances musical admiration. But does one of the German contributors mean it as praise when he calls Brahms a "prophet of resignation and pessimism?" It seems very tolerant on the part of the English editors to let this judgment pass, for the vigor and rugged sanity of Brahms have won him many devotees in England.

The composite articles on "Harmony," after a little historical sketch with emphasis on the importance of rhythm in relation to harmony, gives an excellent summary of the evolutionary and revolutionary harmonic procedures of the present with many musical quotations. One may welcome many of the new effects without agreeing with the editors that these effects are "the logical outcome of the practice of preceding generations," for such practice itself did not arise from logic, but from instinct, imagination and the unaccountable special tastes that prevail in particular periods of art.

In such articles as "Orchestral Color and Values" and "Flute and Flute Playing" there is much of interest to the amateur and of help to the composer. The article on "Hwyl," which denotes the kind of musical cadences used by Welsh speakers under the stress of emotion, points out a curious analogy between the development of "hwyl" and the earlier stages of the history of the scale.

The thorough investigation shown in most of the articles is quite absent from the few lines given to "Jazz." This tender subject was not even confided to the charge of an American. Carl Engel or Deems Taylor, who have written brilliantly upon jazz, should have been summoned.

American musicians will miss a sketch of John Knowles Paine, who died less than twenty years ago and who held a position of the greatest importance in the American "Naissance" which took place at the same time as the English "Renaissance."

This dictionary shows what an immense amount of interesting music is being produced in our time and gives many hints of how much is still to come, thus rousing the indolent music-lover to new responsibilities of attention and appreciation. The book is not only eminently worth while now, but it will be historically important as a vivid record of musical opinion in the year 1924.

Poetry

THE SIRENS. By LAURENCE BINYON. Macmillan. 1926.

Following the essay on English Odes which he read before the Royal Society of Literature in London two years ago, Mr. Laurence Binyon has illustrated his love for the old form by writing "The Sirens." It is the best work he has ever done. Mr. Binyon is not a poet to attract the superficial reader. He writes within the strictest confinement of the English tradition and superimposes upon its familiar surface the delicate patina of his own poetic individuality. This will not be immediately perceptible to those who are not familiar with his earlier work. But nobody with an ear and an eye for poetry will fail to recognize the quality of this poetry from the opening lines—

I remember a night of my youth, I remember a night
Soundless!
The earth and the sea were a shadow, but over me opened
Heaven into uttermost heaven, and height into height
Boundless
With stars, with stars, with stars.

He plunges bravely into a winning struggle with the Grand Manner from this outset. He sees himself as "Nothing but a Moment aware of the ruins of Time," "a word on Earth's lips that she needed to name," and so his prelude ends. The Ode proceeds to praise man, the sailor, engineer, discoverer, architect (builder of "song-like stone"), thinker and astronomer, all that he has been, all he has achieved or attempted to achieve in his struggle to command and understand the forces of the world. Then doubt as to the worth of achievement sets in. Has man escaped from the old terrors only to be the prey of "fears less terrible because less blind"? Are knowledge and power forces he will control for his own food? He uses the simile of the Sirens with fine effect.

But what if it be that fond, perfidious voices
With different music lure
Even us who have cast from us the fables of old?
If the pride of our quest undo us and they enchant us
Simple as those lost mariners, but no longer
In dream secure?

Afterwards he rises into a more lyrical key for the eternal lovers rejoicing, and again into a fiercer accusative music as he regards an earth spoiled by folly and greed, and spilled into waste; and so lulls down through a slow mutation wherein he contemplates Silence and draws a fine picture of its spiritual significance, rounded off with a moving image, worthy of Matthew Arnold, in which the Nativity typifies the deliverance promised by Silence to the listener. The concluding sections of the Ode suggest a rather Shelleyan Pantheism. The music is broader, the tone deeper.

In one wide vision all have share, and we in all,
Infinitely companioned with the stars, the dust,
Beasts of the field, and stones, and flowers that fall!
The body that we use seems in that air
Marvellous; secret from ourselves; a power
Without which were no speech, nor deed done anywhere,
Nor could thought range and tower,
Nor seed be sown for the unborn to reap.

It sings of the world within us and its relation to the Eternal mind. Man "stands forth greater in his nakedness than in the wealth and safety that he owned." Calamity cannot conquer him.

The paraphrasing of a poem is a dangerous and guilty task, always insufficient and misleading. This paraphrase is no exception to the rule, for it certainly does not do justice to Mr. Binyon's noble and beautiful Ode. Those who have been concerned enough to mourn the absence of a "message" in modern poetry should hasten to study "The Sirens." It takes account of modern thought and scientific discovery while recognizing the unchanging aspects of man's spiritual life. It seeks to reconcile the God and the Brute without confounding either. The "message" of a poet is never precisely the same for any two readers so that it would be unprofitable and perhaps foolish to attempt to fasten Mr. Binyon's drift in a few crude words of prose. "The Sirens" can be bought, and he who runs may read.

THE SONNET TODAY AND YESTERDAY. By DAVID MORTON. Putnams. 1926.

Mr. Morton's little monograph betrays a certain confusion of thought that detracts from its importance as a contribution to the criticism of sonnetry. He has preferred to approach his subject "through a discussion of poetic impulse and fruition, coming in due time and with lighter emphasis to the form which that impulse and fruition chose." Seeking first of all for good poetry he leaves "good sonnets to take care of themselves." In spite of his diatribe against those who have preferred the reverse, but more logical method, there is still something to be said in their favor. Mr. Morton's anxiety not to judge the sonnet by mere rule and square is commendable. But unless, at the outset, some attempt is made to define the nature of the sonnet, it will obviously be impossible to distinguish between good poems that are sonnets and good poems that are not. Mr. Morton tries to avoid this bald academic issue and thus cuts some of the ground away beneath his own feet. Although in the central part of his book he dwells upon the thought structure of the sonnet, the "singleness of idea and cleavage within unity" emphasized by Crosland and others, and although he elsewhere devotes some attention to the abbaabba-cdcdcd scaffolding of the superficial form, he makes no real attempt to describe the sonnet as a form of verse composition which can only be judged by the correspondence and unity, successful or otherwise, of these dual requirements. He cites instances of "singleness of idea and cleavage within unity" from the Egyptian Book of the Dead as well as from the Psalms and the Greek Anthology. Similar instances might have been cited from the most commonplace commercial advertisements of our own times. His "genealogy" of the sonnet, though suggestive, is very questionable and plainly factitious. In the end, despite his realizations of what may be called the "sonnet-spirit," it appears that he is willing to admit as a sonnet anything that answers to the description of good poetry provided that it follows, within the limits of reasonable variation, the abbaabba-cdcdcd of the sonnet scaffolding. (He even goes so far as to include among the specimens in his appendix a fifteen line poem by the late Katharine Mansfield). Thus he

(*Continued on next page*)

When Critics Go In For Dithyrambics . . .

it is fair to decide that there is just cause for enthusiasm.

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Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

is able to say that "any emotion or idea felt in the structure and pattern of a sonnet is treated in that form today—over the full range of thought and feeling, from sublimity at the one end, to clever flippancy at the other." This is historically true enough: but we have still to decide whether real sonnets are the result of this liberal use of the form. Is there not perhaps a contradiction involved in this statement? Are there not certain emotions and ideas that cannot possibly be felt in the structure and pattern of the sonnet—clever flippancy, for instance, if not triviality of every kind? This is the point where one must openly disagree with Mr. Morton, perhaps not wholly on arbitrary grounds. For several of his specimen sonnets do not seem to the present reviewer to have been "felt" in the structure and pattern of the sonnet although they obey the requirements of the superficial form (Miss Wylie's "Self-Portrait," for instance). This is not to deny that they may be excellent poetry. His failure to offer an inclusive, working definition (wherein one would not have objected to some defects, knowing the difficulties) does not open the way to criticism of (a) excellent fourteen line poems which are vile sonnets, (b) excellent fourteen line poems, fulfilling the requirements of the superficial form, but lacking the sonnet spirit, i.e., the correspondence and unity already mentioned, and (c) the nature of that same correspondence between the spirit and the structure of the ideal sonnet. That Mr. Morton is not a reliable authority on the "exalted note" appears when he notes its absence in Mr. A. Y. Campbell's fine sonnet "The Dromedary."

His head was high
Though his gaunt flanks with a great mange were worn;
There was not any yearning in his eye
But on his lips and nostrils infinite scorn.

These various objections are not intended to deny that Mr. Morton has written a provocative and stimulating little book which deserves the close attention of people interested in the practice of the modern sonneteers.

A SONG TO DAVID. By *Christopher Smart.* Oxford University Press. $2.

SOLOMON AND BALKUS. By *John Freeman.* Macmillan.

THE MIDNIGHT COURT AND THE ADVENTURES OF A LUCKLESS FELLOW. Translated from the Gaelic by *Percy Arland Ussler.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

WHITE BUILDINGS. By *Hart Crane.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN. By *James Rorty.* Macmillan. $1.75.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF EZRA POUND. Boni & Liveright. $2.

Religion

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MASTER. By HERBERT R. PURISTON and SADIE BRACKETT COSTELLO. Scribners. 1926. $1.25.

Dr. Purinton has ample knowledge not only of his subject but likewise of his object. He has taught young people long enough to become a skill apologete to them. Bates College is fortunate in its Professor of Biblical Literature. And his collaborator, Sadie Brackett Costello, has brought real enrichment to this book in the illustrative material.

The interpretation of Jesus here given is frankly upon the now accepted basis of the earliest stratum of Christian tradition,—Mark's Gospel (which was probably Peter's memories), the "Sayings of Jesus," and Paul's letters. No startling original interpretations are given, nor attempted; this textbook is not designed for brilliant individualism but for the futherance of sanity and reliability.

Here is a story of Christ which does not miss such vital points as that Hedid not openly proclaim Himself Messiah until the Cross should interpret what manner of Messiah He knew Himself to be. Here is a just and careful discussion of the old Jewish faith and Jesus's reactions to it, which does justice to the Jewish faith, so easily made a bogie in New Testament interpretations. The teachings of the Master are all sanely treated, with the practical deductions straight-fordly made.

The directions for study and oral discussion are very much within the natural range of interest and ability of the intended student.

BEST SERMONS, 1926. Edited by JOSEPH FORT NEWTON. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.50.

Somehow the inclusiveness of any volume of this series seems to demonstrate that preaching of the right sort is being done by a team-playing companionship of straight-thinking, right-hearted men, who are certainly not to be accused of other worldly sentimentality. Rabbi and Roman priest, Ethical Culturist and Universalist and Fundamentalist, Modernist and Evangelical, here they are at least sermonically rubbing elbows and obviously consecrated to the same essential ideals. The reader cannot but realize afresh how earnestly the modern prophets stress vital and similar truths, whatever their creed

The present volume contains sermons by several men whom one would naturally expect to find represented. Dr. Fosdick, Bishop Brent, Dean Sperry, Dr. Coffin, and Rabbi Harrison are such. But the refreshing thing is that even beyond the group of men whom some but not all of us would know is a group of those almost none of us know. And their contributions are on the same high level as the others. This may not indicate that all hidden preachers are major prophets, but it gives a comforting feeling that probably these sermons are more typical of the preachers in the less focal pulpits than we had conjectured. Preaching nowadays is on a high level, and on a modern note.

This particular volume contains more "public occasion sermons" than any earlier one. It connotes historic events of our year and interprets them. Without any contest, Dr. Newton has really gleaned a sheaf of honest, fearless, alert, sane, and wholesome preachments from unobtrusive, modest local ministries and in many ways these are the most inspirational.

THE MEMOIRS OF GOD. By GIOVANNI PAPINI. Boston: The Ball Publishing Co. 1926. $2.

The publishers make no concealment of the fact that they are bringing out "The Memoirs of God," written by Papini before his conversion, as an attempted counter-blast to the author's later "Life of Christ." In their preface they suggest that this is an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, —forgetting the possibility of Philip being drunk all the time. The idea of a satirical self-portrait of the Christian deity, wherein all the logical traps of theology should be deftly sprung, was a magnificent idea—for a Voltaire or an Anatole France to execute. But Papini's head is somewhat too light, his hand somewhat too heavy for the task Nevertheless, these confessions of a too anthropomorphic deity are in part not so badly done. The central idea of the work is that creation was a sin. On this point, Papini's God should be allowed to speak for himself.

The act of creation is a debasing process. It is a step from the perfect to the imperfect, from the single to the multiple, from the absolute idea to the gross reality, from spirit to matter, from the perfection of non-existence to the depravity of the existent. That which is must be limited, relative, unforeseen, changeable, alterable. Existence is struggle, is desire, is sorrow. . . . Creation is the negation of every ideal, it is the necessary and inescapable imperfection. Creation is God's sin; it is my sin, my fall.

From this point on, however, the deity becomes increasingly lachrymose and stupid. He bewails his loneliness and omnipotence, alternately envies and despises man, is of course refuted by the Devil in philosophical argument, and finally admits that he is only the creature of man's thought. The deity's manner of speech is turgid and rather dull. The book as a whole is by no means equal to its theme.

"The Memoirs of God" and the "Life of Christ" are not so utterly divergent as might be supposed. Philosophically they are equally negligible; the fact that one is outwardly blasphemous, the other outwardly pious, makes little difference when both the piety and blasphemy are only skin-deep. Whether in the Christian heaven or the atheists's hell, Papini is neither among the great saints nor the great sinners. The inspiring motive in each case is the same: the over-compensation of a sensitive, arrogant, and irascible nature, smarting under the sense of physical insignificance and lack of recognition and driven in consequence toward deomania. In the "Life of Christ" he smothers Jesus with caresses; in "The Memoirs of God" he smothers God with insults. In both, an indecent intimacy with the deity is claimed.

GOD AND REALITY. By MARSHALL BOWYER STEWART. Longmans, Green. 1926. $2.

The author of this book is Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology at Nashotah House and the contents comprise the Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1925-26, but for the ordinary reader the book will be of interest as an appeal for a little clearer thinking about God. There are, of course, many who do not think about God at all. One trouble is that there is so much confusion among those who do. Modern Christians quite unwittingly confound several notions of deity. Professor Stewart succeeds in pointing out three main categories, whose origin he traces, and then he appraises each with regard to its soundness, its development into the detail of divine attributes, and its defects when it stands alone or is over-emphasized.

The first kind of superiority attributed to God is as an object of proximate reality. He is treated as something directly revealed, known or felt. The second kind of superiority is moral—his godness, his place as the acme of values. The third is the more remote and metaphysical conception of God as the ultimate reality of the universe. All these notions have entered into relation in different proportions. The first is found in primitive religion where God is a near concrete object among other objects. In Christianity the historical reality of Jesus gives a like concreteness and any religion of experience or of mysticism thinks of God as proximate reality. Even the finite God of modern writers emphasizes this quality of nearness. The idea of God as supreme value is congenial to every ethical emphasis in religion. Man desires him to be good as well as near and powerful. But most of all it is necessary that he should exist; otherwise his value is a non-existent value which is no value at all.

Though Professor Stewart disclaims special interest or ability in metaphysic—and his book is intelligible to the layman—he evidently believes that the reconciliation of a belief in God with the ultimate reality of the universe is necessary to satisfy even those who deprecate theology. This third idea of God can less easily be spared than either of the others. As a matter of fact all three ideas enter into our conception of God. Their proportion to one another is a matter of importance, but persons will differ, and perfect balance is hardly to be expected. The author shows in conclusion how they have been combined and adjusted to one another in Christianity. He also points out that the belief in God as ultimate reality does not preclude the religious attitude towards him, while a pure God of values often leads to a shallow optimistic emotion and other degenerate forms of religion.

JOHN WYCLIF: A STUDY OF THE ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL CHURCH. By *Herbert B. Workman.* Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $12.50.

Sociology

THE SOCIOLOGY OF RURAL LIFE. By *Horace Boies Hawthorn.* Century. $3.75.

CURRENT DISCUSSIONS: JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SCIENCES, AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION. (Boston: Faxon).

THE MISSOURI CRIME SURVEY. By *Raymond Moley.* Macmillan. $6.

POVERTY AND DEPENDENCY. By *John Lewis Gillin.* Century. $4.

THE GANG. By *Frederic M. Thrasher.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

SOCIAL PROGRESS. By *Ulysses G. Weatherby.* Lippincott. $3.

Travel

FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN THE ORIENT. By LUCIEN SWIFT KIRTLAND. McBride. 1926. $3 50.

As a trustworthy, comprehensive guide to the tourist of the Far East, advising one sagaciously on the all-important questions of what is most desirable to see and what to omit, Mr. Kirtland's is the ideal book. He covers with enlightening thoroughness, in the order named, Japan, China, Korea, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, the Malay Straits Settlements, Siam, French Indo-China, Burma, India, Ceylon. Accompanying the topographical matter of the text, the major historic features of each country are briefly cited, with a view to clarifying the vague conceptions held by the uninformed visitor to Asiatic lands. At the close there is a useful, concise "Memorandum of Eastern Itineraries," setting forth facts relating to the best seasons of the year for travelling in the country described, the requisite amount of time to spend in each, and the transportation routes to be preferred.

REMINISCENCES OF TRANSATLANTIC TRAVELLERS. By CHARLES T. SPEDDING. Lippincott. 1926. $5.

The question of what the purser of the *Aquitania* thinks about seems now to be in a fair way of successful solution. If they are not particularly long, long thoughts, they are consistently amiable. Lady Astor, for instance, "really is a brilliant speaker, and as witty as can be. I have had many talks with her on the questions of the day, and whilst I did not always agree with her, I have always felt that she is a very earnest woman, and has a noble-minded inspiration in championing women and children and all that pertains to them." Probably quite sensibly, Mr. Spedding concludes that "nobody wants to read about objectionable people." Petty personalities do not bulk too large in the view of a man whose seafaring life began on a three-masted barque called the *Duns Law*, one of the "Hungry Shires," and has since been punctuated with such events as the torpedoing of one of his ships (the *Laconia*). It seems evident that the book is a reflection of its author's nature, and that is likable, human, and unpretentious.

THE SACRED FIVE OF CHINA. By WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $7.50.

The Sacred Five Mountains are Tai Shan, the East Peak; Nan Yo, the South Peak; Sung Shan, the Centre Peak, Hua Shan, the West Peak; Hêng Shan, the North Peak. Just as Dr. Geil (1865-1925) was the first foreigner to traverse the Great Wall from end to end, so in 1919-20, he was doubtless the first to climb all of these five mountains, which from time immemorial have been seats of Taoist pilgrimage. There are few places in the world which are so famous, and (because so little has been written on them in English) so unknown to us. But there is a deal in Chinese which he found on the spot, some of it so rare that it was dug up for his benefit, and which he had expressly translated for this book. It consists largely of extracts from local annals, miscellaneous records including diaries of Chinese travelers, extending from very ancient until recent times.

No praise could be too high for the enthusiasm, courage, and perseverance with which the distinguished explorer must have greatly taxed his physical strength in climbing, and exercised his other powers in gathering information. Here is, in consequence, a wealth of material which entitles the volume to a prominent place on the Chinese shelves of any library. But, in all candor, his ambitious attempt to throw light upon certain profound questions, such as "partly to test how much awe, reverence, superstition were yet to be found," is rewarded with only qualified success. The heart of China's mystery can be plucked out only by philosophers and artists;—and Dr. Geil's opinion of Confucius was that "if there is little to complain of in his teaching, there are disappointing gaps. He is smooth as Pope, not soaring like Dryden." More than this, "The Sacred Five" is a subject of the author's own choice, yet he seems to have been out of sympathy with its very core—Pilgrimage: only thus can be accounted for his passing comments on gentle Taoist priests.

SAILING ACROSS EUROPE. By NEGLEY FARSON. Century. 1926. $3.50.

When Negley Farson and his solitary and comely crew of one arrived in Jugo-Slavia on their way from the North to the Black Sea in the *Flame*, his little twenty-six-foot, clinker-built boat, he expected none too courteous treatment. But a soldier on duty at the frontier loaned him 200 dinars and the chief of customs drank his health. In Hungary, Admiral Horthy invited him to a partridge shoot. At Sistov, in Bulgaria, Gospodin Farson and his wife were tendered a banquet by the Prefect of Police. This consistent hospitality becomes no great mystery long before the book is read through. The entire world and his wife seem to have picked up and gone abroad this last summer, but it seems unlikely that any more engaging and observant a young couple than this was among them. Each chapter catches the tone of its *locale* perfectly, whether the *Flame* is proceeding along the strange, almost forgotten Ludwig's Canal, or is shooting down the turbulent Danube. The author's first-hand observations on the political and social conditions of Central Europe and the crew's photographs of its peoples and places are worth a shipload of interviews with returning bankers and movie stars.

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DORAN BOOKS

THE LONG OLD ROAD TO CHINA. By LANGDON WARNER. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $5.

Its title, which seems insufficiently descriptive, is the only ground for dissension with Mr. Warner's admirable book. "The Long Cold Road" is not the perfect alternative, but it suggests something of the hardships endured by the author, a Fellow of the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University, and his companion in their journey to Edzina, the Black City of Marco Polo. There they found and brought back to Harvard fresco fragments, the first examples of mediæval painting on plaster to come to America. Another trophy was a colored clay statue from the Cave of the Thousand Buddhas, which "people those high halls in silence so profound and full of meaning that for the first time I understood why I had crossed an ocean and two continents, plodding beside my cart these weary months, to assure myself of their presence." Still another discovery was the Elephant Chapel with Buddhist sculpture of the sixth century in its original position and hitherto unreported. Among the trophies of the expedition this book is certainly not the least.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT. By *Osbert Sitwell* (Doran).

CITIES OF ITALY. By *Edward Hutton* (Little, Brown).

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS. By *Barbara N. Follett* (Knopf).

L. O., New York City, asks me to choose a novel for a birthday present to his mother.

MANY a woman collides with her time of life for the first time when she finds that she is being shielded by her children from contact with current literature. "You wouldn't like it, dear, "they say. "Lean on me, mother," says the sweet firmness in their voices; "my right arm shall guide your feeble steps, while with the other I ward off Sherwood Anderson." A strong-minded mother suddenly realizing that this has been going on some time has been known to age overnight.

So I would not be too careful of her feelings with a birthday novel, even if—as in this case—it is for a seventy-sixth anniversary. The ladies I know at this time of life are rather a snappy lot. One of them spent her seventy-fourth winter in a tent in Egypt; she said she had always meant to camp out along the Nile and she'd better not wait until she was too old to enjoy it. Another learned Italian when she was seventy-five and put in the next year speaking it in Italy. Dorothy Canfield's mother circled the globe year before last and wrote a book about it, "Around the World at Eighty" (Tuttle). I cannot judge an octogenarian's taste in fiction by the one I know best, for she takes a chance on almost anything, if provided with Plato and politics in between. Indeed there is but one rule I observe in recommending fiction to ladies of the generation beyond my own: it was suggested by one of them. "The advantage of being over seventy," said she, "is that I don't have to read anything I *ought* to. If my mind isn't improved by this time, it never will be. It is such a relief to read only what I want to." To those who feel that this relief was somewhat overdue, I can only reply that this happened in Massachusetts.

But if the birthday child likes a story with reasonably well-bred people, talking pleasantly and living under conditions not unlike those in which one's own most active years were spent, it is possible this year to direct her to several novels with all these features and ranking high in literary merit. So far as I am concerned nothing in America this year has touched Ellen Glasgow's "The Romantic Comedians" (Doubleday, Page), as a completely realized work of art. Now this is one of the novels that will be especially savored by those who can remember when the Amandas set the fashions and not the Annabels. Stark Young can't be old enough to know from personal experience what life was like on a Far South plantation before the war, yet his "Heaven Trees" (Scribners), whose very language is a joy, will mean most to those who know how well he has caught the spirit of the period. "The Black Angels," by Maud Lovelace (Day), comes to a climax when the first "Pinafore" companies were touring the United States: it's a reading book for any one who sings, but especially for one who sang, even in a church choir, when Little Buttercup began to bloom. "Tides," by Julian and Ada Street (Doubleday, Page), gets well under way before the high-wheel bicycle goes out. "Shot Towers," by J. T. McIntyre (Stokes), takes place in the eighties in Philadelphia; a succulent book full of good eating and old-fashioned weather—so-called because we used to meet it head-on, instead of keeping it at arm's length with subways and central heating. It's curious how many of these books are written by young authors: what could be lovelier for a wise old lady, for instance, than Anne Parrish's "Tomorrow Morning" (Harpers). You never can tell about an old lady: she may be calm enough now, but who knows how many times, after a night of black despair, she may have opened the window and said to herself, "If I had died in the night, as I prayed, I would have missed this"—as she let in tomorrow morning. Really, one must be at least middle-aged to appreciate Anne Parrish's affectionate attitude to these people, kidding themselves along from one morning's milestone to the next.

But if I were choosing a book, sight unseen, for an elderly reader, I think I'd try memoirs first, rather than fiction. This may be because I have lately noted the happiness that De Wolfe Hopper's "Once a Clown, Always a Clown" (Little, Brown) is bringing not only to those who know him now but to those who "knew him when." This book has more than one requisite for elderly reading: large type, reminiscences by which one's own stage memories may be reinforced, and by no means least, a steady flow of good humor. For any one old enough to qualify for this list must like to laugh. If they didn't they would have been dead long ago.

L. T. C., New York City, asks if the group of novels by E. P. Oppenheim just published all at once are all new; and for some other intensely absorbing stories.

THE four Oppenheims—"The Channay Syndicate," "The Terrible Hobby of Sir Joseph Londe, Bart," "Madame and Her Twelve Virgins," and "The Adventures of Mr. Joseph P. Cray"—have appeared as magazine serials, or rather as short stories connecting one with another; they are now published by Little, Brown at a popular price and in a pocketable size, and called the "Pocket Thrillers." Detective stories should be reprinted every now and then, anyway; a good one may be read as new at intervals of two years or more, this being one of the advantages of this type of fiction. These, however, are tales of crime rather than of detection, and Mr. Oppenheim's program, which must let a single master-murderer run until he reaches the last page, does rather pile up the corpses.

"The Trail of Fear," by Anthony Armstrong (Macrae), keeps up for the length of a novel the strain put upon the Dickens reader while for a brief half-chapter Bill Sykes makes his last stand against society. When it begins, Rezaire is a placid and prosperous dope merchant; all at once the police are at his front door and he is out at the back, handicapped by a pal with the single-minded conviction that they should escape or swing together. Over roofs, along the outsides of occupied houses and in and out of empty ones, the nightmare chase keeps up for twenty-four hours—quite a while for a reader to hold his breath. I read this late at night, after finishing "The Mysterious Affair at Styles" (Dodd, Mead), Agatha Christie's first detective story, and her best if it were not for "Roger Ackroyd." Altogether 'twas a wild nicht the nicht. Walter Masterman's "The Curse of the Reckaviles" (Dutton) has all the elements of Victorian melodrama: double marriage, rightful heir in disguise, the whole bag of tricks, but by this time almost everyone knows the tricks in that bag. "The Hidden Empire," by Francis Beeding (Little, Brown), goes on with the chase of the mysterious world-wrecker whose activities made his "The Seven Sleepers" a super-shocker. This first story was the only one purporting to describe an international crime-society that I was able to read, much less enjoy; in general, the sight of a name ending in *off* settles a detective story for me. Mr. Beeding does keep a reader on the jump, and there is no law to compel one to believe him. In a milder manner B. M. Bower's "White Wolves" (Little, Brown), holds the eye to the page. It takes longer to get under way than some of Mrs. Bower's cowboy romances, but by the time the young man is on the lonely island with the cattle thieves creeping up on him the reader takes a hitch in his breath and settles for the finish.

These stories will interest R. N., Brooklyn, who needs something to keep her awake on night duty: they are absorbing, but not to the point where they cannot be put down at all. Now if she had "Dracula," or Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's "The Lodger," the patient would have to moan while she froze with horror to the page.

L. A. L., Los Angeles, Cal., says that a translation of the "Inconsecuencia" of Sou Juana de la Cruz is the first poem in Blue Book 810, *"Mexican Poetry" (Haldeman-Julius).*

IT does beat all how often these little books bob up in time of need. Some day I hope to read the titles of all of them and see how much of the cosmos they cover.

M. H. W., N. Tonawanda, N. Y., asks if there are simply written books from which he can learn something about Chinese writing.

MR. ANDREW C. Y. CHENG, of the Department of Chinese, Columbia University, says that there is a book by F. W. Baller on "The A. B. C. of Chinese Writing" which would be helpful to a beginner interested in this subject. This was published by the Mission Book Company in Shanghai.

A. E., Littleton, N. H., who has read the volume of Pirandello's plays containing "Six Characters," asks if there is any book (in English) with a critical study of his dramatic output as a whole, saying that the Boston bookshops were not able to supply her on a recent visit.

THEY will be now, for Walter Starkie's "Luigi Pirandello" (Dutton) has just been published. I made its acquaintance in the English edition and came to the conclusion that it was the most satisfactory book about a living author that I had read. With no more biography than is needed to place him as a Sicilian, his work is considered in relation to the "grotesque" school, whose characteristic plays are described; to the Futurist movement, which is traced from the manifestoes of Marinetti; and to the philosophical thought of today. There is an admirable study of his novels, and a bibliography: the style is sure-footed and the statements definite without being dogmatic. Although I know of no better book for one with a taste for Pirandello and as yet no more than a taste of his work.

Professor Starkie makes it clear that the novels, "The Late Mattia Pascal" and "Shoot," are of high importance in understanding the Pirandellian idea of life and of art. Both of these are published in translation by Dutton; the latter is just from the press. As "Si Gira" it appeared in 1916; it was republished in 1925 as "Quaderni di Serafino Gubbio, Operatore," the diary of a cinema operator, a "hand that turns." The conditions of moving-picture manufacture give Pirandello material to his hand—the human puppets, the high speed he both fears and strangely loves, the machines whose dominition he dreads, even the stormy and self-tormenting temperaments of the people in a plot more thrilling than many a film—all these come pat to his purposes.

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Points of View

On Mr. Schmitt

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I note with considerable interest the discussion that has been aroused in the "Points of View" columns over the articles of the "revisionist school." I cannot help feeling that part of the difficulty, if it may be called that, arises from the unfortunate circumstances of *The Saturday Review's* policy in this particular instance. Bernadotte E. Schmitt may, indeed, be described as a "revisionist," but there his similarity with Messrs. Nevinson and Barnes ceases. The criticism that some of your readers have levied against these latter are at least well taken, but the only allowable charge I have yet seen laid at Dr. Schmitt's door is that, being an Oxford man, he is somewhat prone to admire Sir Edward Grey, though I do not believe anyone has ever held he allowed this admiration to stand in the way of his almost fiendishly clear analysis of the 1914 situation. For those who, like Mr. Yarros, have questions to ask of the revisionists, I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Schmitt's article in the *American Historical Review* for April, 1924. It still remains, to my knowledge, the clearest, sanest, and most scholarly account of the problem.

I might also suggest to those who are apt to confuse Dr. Schmitt with such brilliant but erratic men as Barnes, that they held a joint debate before the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations on April 23 of this year, and that a stenographic report of the proceedings was published by that organization. A perusal of this pamphlet ought to demonstrate to anyone the superiority of a great scholar's methods over the impressionistic enthusiasms of a popularizer. I should like also to ask that now that Dr. Schmitt has written for us this once, when another volume on the subject comes to the desk, he be given a chance to say his full on the first page. As you yourself remarked in the last issue, "The scholars know too much, and won't, or can't, tell us in any intelligible fashion." Well, here is one, at any rate, who can.

PERCY G. MILLER.

"Shirtsleeves" Amenities

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In the second instalment of his chronicles, your anonymous "shirtsleeves" contributor skips briskly for a moment from New York to Chicago in order to mention *The Dial*. "There was Charles Leonard Moore's *Dial*," he tells us. "Mr. Moore had written an editorial for it in favor of girls' heads on magazine covers, and Mr. William Morton Payne reviewed fiction for it. He rather leaned toward Bliss Carman, Clinton Scollard, and Julia C. R. Dorr, and away from the newer manifestations."

Perhaps we have no right to look for either accuracy or any due observance of critical decencies from a "shirtsleeves" historian who, writing under the shelter of anonymity, is at liberty to feed fat whatever ancient grudges may fester in his system. But I trust you will allow me to set your readers right in one particular. Like scores of other American scholars and critics, the late Charles Leonard Moore served *The Dial* only in the capacity of occasional contributor. Had your chronicler *en dishabille* spoken of "Dr. Henry Seidel Canby's *Dial*" *he would have been* equally accurate, for the editor of *The Saturday Review* was also of that impliedly moron crew who contributed to the journal. Only one name can accurately be used in the possessive case in connection with *The Dial*, and that is the name of Francis Fisher Browne. He was its founder, its editor and chief proprietor throughout the nearly thirty-five years of its existence, to him belongs whatever credit or obloquy attaches to the accomplishment of having produced the most competent, honest, and authoritative journal of literary criticism that we have ever had in this country.

If you, Mr. Editor, succeed in carrying the torch of *The Saturday Review* through the third of a century, you too and your enterprise may receive at the end the just and accurate and urbane tribute of some "shirtsleeves" or shirtless chronicler. "In New York," he will doubtless remark, "there was *The Saturday Review*. There was Dr. Chauncey B. Tinker's *Saturday Review*. Dr. Tinker had written an article for it in favor of butter on beets, and Mr. Elmer Davis reviewed fiction for it. He rather leaned toward Anita Loos and Frances Newman, and away from the newer manifestations." Such are the rewards of critical journalism in America.

WALDO R. BROWNE.
Wyoming, New York.

"Iowa Interiors"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It amuses me to write to you this afternoon about your recent article "A Test Case" in the *Saturday Review*. I hope you won't mind the time it takes to read this letter, for I have wanted so much to express an opinion about "Iowa Interiors," and when I read what you had written I knew the time had come.

In the first place I believe your second paragraph was written *after* you had read the book—and at the time you began the review. No! No! I'm not trying to catch you napping, but it occurred to me with such crystal clarity that your "photographs" could not have been more accurate had you snapped the camera yourself. And that is what first impressed me about those stories—absolute, conventional "stills" of a life nearly dead.

And to me there lies all the art which Ruth Suckow has or ever will have unless a revolutionary process within her soul forces something more than that "lowered voice," which you describe so appropriately. Miss Suckow, not Iowa or Nebraska, nor the Dakotas, is the maker of "Iowa Interiors." She is an actor in her own play; a too young, but brittle pod in the December garden. I understand, as you do, that her form of writing has merit of its own, but I protest against her lack of virility. *It is not true that Iowa is a land of desolation—it is a land of virility.* It is not true that too many "retired farmers" impede the "progress" of the little towns. All the things which she writes of are true. They sum up in futility and negation. That is my sorow, and also my indignation. (Pardon me, words seem to rhyme in my mind in spite of all I can do). I'm furious that someone doesn't rise up without further ado and wave the state banner on high "Our liberties we prize and *our rights we will maintain*" in a realistic novel which does something more than scare the critics away or cause them to search for the address of a competent psychologist. The very truth is that our cross-section will bear the same kind of scrutiny that any other one will, New York City no exception. It was a sad blow to us Mid-westerners when Herbert Quick passed on. He would have justified us before all the world. You see, he really knew his Iowa. Ruth is just a "nice girl" as she told us in her "Odyssey."

Please forgive me for this effusion. I appreciated your review very, very much. I have a department on books in a local magazine, and I happened to have reviewed "Iowa Interiors" this month myself. Thus, I felt that as a kindred-reviewer, I might write frankly. Also, I wish you to know what one other mid-westerner thinks about the book.

As you know we have had many bank failures here in the last two or three years. Up in northwestern Iowa, there is a corner (cross-roads) which is affectionately called "the million-dollar corner" by the farmers in that "the neck of the woods." During the Thanksgiving time we visited some relatives living in a small town about thirty miles east of this corner, but in a very rich, fertile, rolling country. All of that land is very valuable. In this town the principal bank had failed just the week before. A young farmer's father who had been helped by the bank in his early days had lost all the savings of a lifetime. The son was an Ames graudate—he "ran" his father's farm. It happened that I had a chance to talk to him one evening. There was nothing unusual about his face, except a certain tanned, clean, candid look—a face of a man of the outdoors. He was not especially cast down about his father's misfortune. "S'pose I'll have to go to the other bank and borrow some money to buy my cattle feed this winter," he remarked. And his wife said that when her "permanent" grew out she would "just wear her hair straight—marcels cost a lot." There's your realism in the face of calamity. Yet underneath that, unless one is very stupid, might be found a certain steady heroism.

I do wish *someone* would take the time to write about us not with the "wholesome" unreality which characterizes Bess Streeter Aldrich, nor the "lowered" tone of Ruth Suckow, but in the genial, well-balanced, rounded thought of Herbert Quick. I'm "sick" of dark tones. Let's have a little color.

MAUDE SUMNER SMITH.
Omaha, Nebraska.

"Touch and Go"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In the name of Love as well as of Justice, I claim the time-endorsed right to say publicly in your columns a few words of self-defense in answer to your critic's comments on my book of poetry, "Touch and Go." With the latter half, at least, of his statement, "so good that it should be better" I agree; though I did my best. But his phrase "disrespect for his own material" stirs me to vigorous protest.

There are eight sections of my book. After praising one section highly, he makes several quotations all from the next section and several comments that would indicate these two sections are all he read, then dismisses my book. This I submit is scarcely fair.

The first section of my volume tells the story of a marriage that failed, my own, another section is devoted to poems of social vision, and the last consists of love poems to my present fiancée. I ask you: Am I not justified in protesting against the phrase, "disrespect for his material"?

The merit of my work or its lack of merit is "something else again;" though I might point out that the section criticized as poetic but not poetry is frankly labelled by me "Painted on Glass" and that Robert Frost has called the poems in this as well as other sections "What I call poetry and like to adduce among my friends as poetry." Nor does the protested phrase well accord with William Ellery Leonard's statement, "There is the flaming heart of life in your verses."

Not that I altogether disclaim conscious disrespect on non-poetic grounds for some of my subject matter—as I scotch snobs and smug reviews. It may have been this in part which led William Stanley Braithwaite to call my book "the contribution of the chief of our contemporary ironists with a searing vision."

RALPH CHENEY.
Norwalk, Conn.

English Americans

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

A response to a brief note from an editor of Chicago seemed to me of sufficient general interest to warrant publishing it as an open letter. I believe that many Americans have become increasingly annoyed by finding themselves termed "English" or "academic" when they exercise the simple privilege of employing the language natural to them. I believe that in this open letter I am expressing opinions held by many of our countrymen who are traditionally English not only in their speech but in their silent reserve, their patience.

The occasion for the letter was this: in submitting to the editor a Prothalamion of my composition, I informed her that Mr. J. Middleton Murry was publishing it in his *Adelphi Magazine* in England but that I was sure he would have no objection to its simultaneous publication in America. In returning the poem, Miss Monroe wrote: "Mr. J. M. Murry is welcome to this. It's far too English for us."

My open letter follows:

Your brief comment on the Prothalamion interests me and bids me respond; even though a response, in all probability, is not in order. Let me say first that this letter is in no sense an apologia for the Prothalamion, nor is it a query concerning your æsthetic judgment of the poem. It merely considers your comment that the work is too "English."

I take it for granted that you do not mean the setting, which is a picture, from the life, of my place in Connecticut. The emotion, you will concede, is not English any more than Chinese or American or Ancient Egyptian.

Certainly the form of the poem, the diction and the versification, *is* English. Have I not always spoken the English language? Are not the poets whom I have read and loved from earliest childhood, English?—not necessarily natives of British Isles, to be sure, but of English blood and English tradition. Does it never occur to you that there are still people in this country to whom the English idiom, both in conversation and poetry, is the natural idiom; to whom composition in any other mode would be an insincere and highly artificial performance? My race has been impregnated with the English language from the beginning, and though it has since 1630 been modestly identified with the developments of America, it has retained almost unmodified the speech and tradition natural to it. Do not think that I am vaunting my ancestry or indulging in a Nordic harangue. Do not think that my position is unique. A very large proportion of Americans is still what you would call "too English" both in habit and in language. It is not often heard from. People of this type are willing to concede that an Irish, a Swedish, an Italian, immigrant is entitled to express himself in his natural idiom and to term the result American. Under the circumstances, they can not understand why they should be ruled out as "English" or "academic." Are you not limiting our national poetry in favor of a development the roots of which, when all is said and done, are still not deeply thrust into our soil?

I put these questions in the friendliest spirit to you who are one representative of a critical bias very pronounced at the moment. An objection such as you briefly voiced is a veiled invitation to those of English tradition to quit the American scene altogether. In my case, this is not important; and I well understand that you had other objections to the Prothalamion than the one you expressed. But in cases that do matter, such a spirit is unfortunate. We think, for example, of Henry James and George Santayana. (Good riddance? Perhaps . . . though some may not think so.) We think of Mark Twain who, in self-defence, deliberately assumed the American yoke.

As long as we consciously strive to be American (whatever that may mean) we shall be blinded to the fact that the real American spirit, like the real any sort of spirit, is a composition of as many elements as can exist in nature.

I am sure you will forgive this lengthy expression of opinion on the part of one who has always admired your generous and healthy contribution to American literature.

Trinity College.

ROBERT HILLYER.

Me and Moi

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In your issue of November 27th under Points of View, Miss Edythe Kelly Salt takes issue with Mr. George Haines IV in the question of "It is Me."

She is quite right in her statement of the etymology of "moi" in French. Thereafter she goes astray.

She says: "That the Frenchman uses *moi* instead of *je* in answer to the question 'Qui est là?' is due in no wise to the 'finer social and psychological tact' with which Mr. Ellis credits him. The unstressed pronoun form *je* (just as the third person form *il*) could not possibly be used in the stressed position required in the construction under consideration. The stressed position requires *moi* as as it does *lui*. Furthermore, *moi*, although coming from the accusative *me*, is as truly a nominative as is the English *I*, inasmuch as it is the Latin accusative which has regularly survived as the French nominative."

It is quite true that the unstressed pronoun form *je* could not possibly be used in this position. But it is not true that *moi* is the stressed form of *je*, but, on the contrary, of *me*. I know of no case, and I believe none exists, where the verb "to be" is followed in French by the nominative but always by the accusative case. Examples could be given at will.

One is rather at a loss to discover by what process of reasoning Miss Salt arrived at the conclusion that *moi* is as truly nominative as *I*. Her putting it in the same category with nouns, all of which derive from the Latin accusative, is not quite exact. I imagine she would be rather hard put to it to derive the nominative conjunctive pronouns *je*, *tu*, *il*, *elle*, *ils*, *elles* from Latin accusatives.

I am inclined to think that Miss Salt has been led astray by the "same case after as before" rule in English grammar. The fact that the disjunctive forms *moi*, etc., must be used in the accusative case following a preposition, a position which is very definitely accusative in language, seems to me to offer solid proof of the accusative character of the pronoun.

CHARLES H. TUTT.
Columbia University.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

ARS TYPOGRAPHICA

NO. I of Vol. III of *Ars Typographica* is a beautiful piece of typography. Konrad Haebler writes about "Typefounding and Commerce in Type during the Early Years of Printing;" Dard Hunter of "Fifteenth Century Papermaking;" W. J. Schretlen about "Printers' Devices in Dutch Incunabula," and the departments of "Editorial Comment" and "Abstracts and Reviews" have their usual interest. This issue bears the announcement that the next number will be under the editorial direction of Frederic W. Goudy and that his aim will be to re-establish his idea of a typographical review and that it will also incorporate matter of similar interest contained in the magazine since it has been edited by Mr. McMurtrie. As outlined in the prospectus of the first issue, *Ars Typographica* "will deal with book and magazine printing, type design and type founding, decorative typographical arrangements, etc. Articles on the history and developments of types and printing, facsimiles of old title-pages . . . bits of curious typographical lore, in fact, anything that will be interesting to the printer and help him to a realization of a higher standard of work." Mr Goudy will endeavor to make the publication reflect typographically its æsthetic objective, since he is more concerned with fine craftsmanship than with the business of printing, but he will have, nevertheless, due regard for conditions under which it is published. No. 4 of the first volume which Mr. Goudy was unable to publish earlier, owing to various reasons, is now in press to be ready soon. This number will include only the matter prepared by Mr. Goudy before turning over the magazine to its present publishers. Its publication will round out Vol. I in the spirit of the first three numbers. There is a very wide circle of booklovers and collectors interested in fine printing and bookmaking. As now planned, *Ars Typographica* is a magazine that will be of great interest to them and should receive their support.

A SHORT-TIME CATALOGUE

THE Bibliographical Society of London announces the early publication of "A Short-title Catalogue of Books printed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of English Books printed Abroad, 1475-1640," compiled by A. W. Pollard and G. R. Redgrave, assisted by others. This volume is a quarto, of over 600 pages, bound in boards, canvas back, and contains entries of over 26,000 different books in their various editions, each of which is numbered and arranged in alphabetical order of author's name or heading as in the British Museum Catalogue, but with some modifications which make for greater clarity; and a chronological order of editions. Anonymous books which are entered under the author's name when known are given a cross reference. Each item contains (1) an abridged title in original spelling; (2) mention of translators, editors, etc., (if necessary); (3) reference to the entry of the book in the Stationer's Register, when known; (4) size; (5) printers' and publishers' names; (6) known or approximate date; and (7) a list of libraries which possess a copy. About 150 libraries and other owners of books are registered. The catalogue is not a bibliography of books known or believed to have been produced; it is a register of books of which copies have been traced in stated libraries and collections. It forms an indispensable work of reference to librarians, book collectors, students of English literature and antiquarian booksellers, and by its use research is simplified and many other books are rendered unnecessary. The larger portion of the edition will go to members of the society, but subscriptions will be received for a brief period.

AT AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

THE American Art Association has issued a summary of the book sales to be held in the American Art Galleries in January and February. The remaining sales will be as follows: On January 26 Americana relating to California and the West, narratives, newspapers, town histories, frontier and Indian wars, Mississippi, Texas, canals, railroads, and Mormans, including the collection of H. C. Holmes of Oakland, Calif., duplicates from the New Hampshire Historical Society, and an important collection of Long Island history and genealogy formed by a well known historian; on February 1 the marine collection of ship models, views, naval combats, broadsides, portraits, relics, logs and documents, including selections from the collection of Joseph Husband of Nantucket, Mass., and Alexander W. Hannah of Pasadena, Calif.; on February 2 a collection of books relating to the exploits of pirates, shipwrecks, naval history, whaling, marine research publications, Arctic voyages and logs, and other unusual and scarce items, including the collection of R. I. Nesmith of this city; on February 8 autograph letters of Wilde, Meredith, Barrie, Hardy, Masefield, Swinburne, Hearn, Landor, Carlyle, Longfellow, Lowell, and others, from the collection formed by the late John Quinn, to which has been added by permission and so noted, sufficient material to make up a two session sale; on February 15 and 16 the library of Major W. Van R. Whitall of Pelham, N. Y., containing such rarities as first editions of Shelley, including a presentation copy of "Adonais" in the original wrappers, Keats, with "Poems" in original boards, Blake, Borrow, Fitzgerald with "Omar Khayyam" in original wrappers, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Hudson, Gissing with "Workers in the Dawn," Hardy, Moore and Yeats, the latter represented by the most complete collection extant. The material for these sales has been selected with great care and contains many items that will make a strong appeal to the most discriminating collector.

NOTES AND COMMENT

A VERY comprehensive and instructive exhibition of the work of George Cruikshank is on view at the Grolier Club and will be open to the public until January 31.

James Tregaskas & Son, rare book dealers of London, have issued an illustrated catalogue of a small collection of some of the rarer works of Charles Lamb in a limited edition of 250 numbered copies at five shillings each.

C. E. Goodspeed & Co., of Boston, announce the publication of "The Graphic Processes," a series of actual prints, selected and arranged by Louis A. Holman. The prints are examples of various kinds of etching, engraving, lithographing and other processes, each print being attached to a different folder on which are printed the notes concerning that print alone. The collection is encased in a cloth portfolio and issued in a limited edition.

The collection of autograph letters and manuscripts of the late John H. Gundlach of St. Louis, sold at the American Art Galleries on January 6 and 7, brought $45,458. The original manuscript of a nine-line unpublished poem by Edgar Allan Poe brought $1,850. An important manuscript of a thousand words in which Walt Whitman discussed "Edgar Poe's Significance," fetched $900. The famous letter from Pope Gregory XIII to the French King Charles IX, congratulating him on his escape from death at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was sold for $660. An autograph survey made by George Washington at the age of eighteen realized $400. The fiftieth anniversary proclamation of Lincoln's death, signed on April 13, 1915, by Woodrow Wilson, also brought $400.

In calling his new novel "Les Enfants du Siècle" (Grasset), M. André Lamandé introduces as his hero such a special specimen of the youngest extant Frenchmen that he hardly represents justly this after-war generation about which so much has been written, and has little right to the title he has chosen. The hero of his entertaining story is caught in the toils of his young stepmother, not so young as she seems and furnished with more than a dubious past, and is tyrannized over by his father, a successful man of affairs of the least admirable type. Of course it ends in a catastrophe. M. Lamandé has written an article explaining and defending his book, which had naturally excited doubts, but in which his intentions seem to have been good.

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The Phoenix Nest

DOUBLEDAY PAGE, Mr. *Morley's* publishers, picked up in good faith our comment that "Manniskobarn" was the title of "Thunder on the Left" in Finnish and that the Scandinavian blurb we appended was Finnish. But we see our finish, because *Allen W. Porterfield* writes us from West Virginia University:

I hope that by this time a thousand real personages have offered to choke you for your linguistic derailment with regard to Morley's "Thunder on the Left," which you say has been translated into Finnish when you mean Swedish. It would not have been so bad had you not quoted the Swedish. . . . There is no more reason for confusing a Swede with a Finn than there would be for thinking that all Middle Westerners are just like Al Smith or Jimmie Walker. Be cautious.

Allen does know something about the Scandinavian languages, so we bow the head and blush with shame. But the fact remains that "Thunder" has now been published in Finland as well as in Sweden, also in England, Australia, Denmark, and Holland, and is being done into both French and German. Also Doubleday has just taken over from Doran eight Morley books, now making them the sole publishers of his thirty-one, with the exception of one or two odd items which have been brought out privately. . . .

A new book of poems announced by Scribner for the Spring is *Marjorie Allen Seiffert's* "Ballads of the Singing Bowl." Mrs. Seiffert is very good at the weird and fantastic ballad. She objectifies modern, often psychological subjects, most effectively. She excels in the *macabre*. So far as we know there has been no book of poems from her since her excellent "A Woman of Thirty" (Knopf) some years ago. . . .

The first novel to be published by our eminent bookseller friend, *Edwin Valentine Mitchell* of Hartford, Connecticut, will appear on February nineteenth. It is called "Morning, Noon and Night," and is by *Kenneth Philips Britton*, a recent graduate of Williams. . . .

Watch for *Ella Young's* "The Wonder Smith and his Son," to be published soon by Longmans, Green and Company over here. It is probably the only modern book of folklore to be taken down from the word-of-mouth of those responsible for its preservation. Ella Young learned to speak Celtic and spent some twenty years visiting Irish country and the outreaches of Ireland, searching out the story-tellers of the clans. Her book is beautifully illlstrated by *Boris Artzybasheff*. . . .

We well remember meeting *Ella Young* at the home of the *Padraic Colums* in New Canaan, Connecticut, a couple of winters ago. Her presence in the room made a modern fireplace seem like the hearth of a peat fire. The gods and heroes of the Gael seemed to shadow over her as she recited Irish poetry in a still small voice. She is at present lecturing on Irish folklore in California, and writes her publishers,

I have ridden among the mountains on cow-trails and slid down pathless declivities—outparalleling, so it seemed to me, Tom Mix, whose feats had warmed my imagination in Dublin picture houses long before I set foot in California. I have wondered at and worshipped the redwoods in Big Basin and the midges of that place have bitten me multitudinously. A charming Californian child has made me a set of pictures in color especially for my own self because I believe in fairies . . . when she grows old enough to help me with the spelling (I generally have to use a dictionary) perhaps we may put our joint wisdom into a book.

The motion picture rights of *Owen Johnson's* first long novel in many years, "Children of Divorce," now running as a serial in the *Red Book Magazine*, were recently sold for one of the highest prices ever paid for such rights to a contemporary American novelist. The film will be released next spring. . . .

Morgan Taylor of Duffield and Company writes us that *Samuel Ordway's* "An Elegant History of New York Society" upon which we recently commented has been taken over by Duffield. We told you originally to write to William H. Wells, 30 Jones Street, about it. Change that now, and write to Duffield at 200 Madison Avenue. . . .

"The poem by *Vilda Owens* in Scribners," writes Miss *Lucy Elliot Keeler* of Prairie Avenue, Chicago, "*is* charming, not the less for immediately recalling the one by *Edward Thomas*:

If I should ever by chance grow rich—
I'd buy Codham, Cockridden and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo and Lapwater,
And give them all to my elder daughter.

I quote from memory and some lines are left out and probably others are not just right." . . .

From the John Day Company we cull this letter that seems too good to be lost. It arrived recently, addressed to that firm and to the Crowell Publishing Company:

Gentlemen:

I have received your letter setting forth the conditions of entry for the John Day Novel Competition. As I have *no manuscript* ready I am in doubt as to what I shall do in order to meet the requirements of the letter which says one should "send in" the manuscript with pseudonym attached as well as the title. As you may infer, I am an "unestablished" author, but merely an ambitious competitor. Kindly inform me how to enter without submitting the manuscript called for.

We are still working on that problem. It keeps us up nights. . . .

As this seems to be Quotation-Day for us, we might as well also append the letter of a critic residing somewhere in the San Quentin Penitentiary, who recently sent the following to Harcourt, Brace, *re Sinclair Lewis's* recent "Mantrap:"

The unique comparison of the "Mantrap" with the "Waldner's Pond"—or the classic written of the pedantic and laborious Mr. Thoreau's—are inpererogatory emulously. The depicture and delineation of those boisterous indented rivers, and ruffling lakes, which the pidantry of Mr. Lekis outlined, lure the instinctive mind of the reader to stretch his hands vivaciously on the oar for accurate paddling to avoid the perilous chasm, which the elusive Nature machinated implacably pitiless.

Thanking you Gentlemen for your Magnate Geperosity.

Wishing you prosperous and succulent longevity for recompense, of your donation to an incarcerated and penniless donee, with assiduity, I remain,

Yours most respectfully,

No. X.

Our first acquaintance with *Benjamin Robert Haydon*, the forgotten painter, was naturally through our interest in the life of *John Keats*. We never read Haydon's "Autobiography and Memoirs," which was the favorite book of *Henry James's* boyhood. Haydon's "The Entry Into Jerusalem" is in Cincinnati, where you may discern in the canvas, as members of the crowd, the faces of Keats, *Wordsworth*, and other of the painter's contemporaries. Long out of print, a new handsome edition of the autobiography edited by *Tom Taylor* (in two volumes) is appearing through Harcourt, Brace. *Aldous Huxley* has written the introduction. Of course Haydon was a very bad painter. Huxley says so frankly, but also extols him as a verbal technician and a glorious lunatic. He ends, "But though wasted, the insanity was genuine and of good quality. The autobiography makes us wish it might have been better directed." . . .

We call your attention to the Chinese and Japanese Anthology edited by *Joseph Lewis French*, who has compiled so many excellent collections of stories in the past. It is being brought out sumptuously by Boni and Liveright and is the fruit of long research. . . .

The first novel of *Richard Connell*, one of our best humorous short-story writers, will be published by Minton, Balch and Company on February 18th. Its title is "The Mad Lover." Connell's former collections of his short stories, "The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon," "Apes and Angels," and "Variety," all attracted and amused us. . . .

A manuscript has been received by Putnam from *Gregory Mason*, the young archæologist who recently made an expedition to Yucatan with *Dr. Herbert J. Spinden*, of the Peabody Museum of Harvard. The book is mainly concerned with the Mayas. The discoveries of the Mason-Spinden expedition throw new light on early American art and history. The book will soon appear under the title of "Silver Cities of Yucatan." . . .

It is just a hundred years since the first novel of *Harrison Ainsworth*, "John Chiverton," was applauded by *Sir Walter Scott*. Ainsworth became one of the most profuse historical novelists of all time, and popularized Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin. Ainsworth was handsome and dashing in appearance, somewhat reminding one of *Count D'Orsay*. . . .

Carl Van Vechen is now at Taos, New Mexico. His "Nigger Heaven" is still a prominent best-seller. . . .

Pascal Covici, of Chicago, announces that publication of *Paul LaCroix's* "History of *Prostitution*," in three volumes, for the first time translated into English by *Samuel Putnam*, is postponed until January 24th. Due to the increase in the cost of production, the price per set after date of publication will be increased from $25 to $30. The edition is limited to twelve hundred and fifty numbered sets and sold to subscribers only. . . .

And we will close with the following communication from *Cyril Clemens*, President, Mark Twain Society, 37 Gray Avenue, Webster Groves, Missouri:

Sir: To celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of "Tom Sawyer's" publication we are offering a prize of five dollars for the best letter on the subject: "My Opinion of Mark Twain." Letters should be limited to three hundred words and reach us by August first.

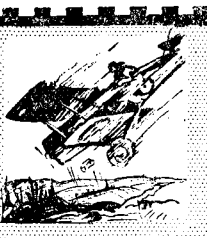
CYRIL CLEMENS.

. . . Ta! ta!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

"Fortunately for our literary treasures," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "dishonesty among librarians is extremely rare, but the arrest of the curator of a Paris library for trying to sell a valuable thirteenth-century MS in his charge o a London booksell recalls the depredations of the most successful book-thief on record—Count Guglielmo Libri, for many years Inspector General of Public Libraries in France. In the course of his visits of inspection Libri contrived to remove from the various collections a remarkable number of valuable books and manuscripts, and before discovery managed to accumulate some £40,000 by the sale of his plunder. In 1848 a warrant was isued for his arrest, but he had friends at court and was enabled to escape to England, where he lived very comfortably for many years on the proceeds of his stolen treasures."

WAR BIRDS



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